

THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }
VOL. VIII }

No. 3823 October 13, 1917

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCXCV }

CONTENTS

I. Woodrow Wilson: Man and Statesman. <i>By Henry Leach</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	67
II. The Merchantmen. <i>By Morley Roberts</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE	72
III. Revolutions: Their Cause and Cure. <i>By</i> <i>Ian D. Colvin</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	73
IV. Christina's Son. Book III. Chapters VII and VIII. <i>By W. M. Letts.</i> (To be continued)		79
V. A Padre in East Africa. <i>By R. G.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	88
VI. Undesigned Experiments. <i>By Dr. Waller</i> <i>Kidd, F.R.S.E.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	99
VII. "The City of Dreams." <i>By Ganpat.</i> (Conclusion)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	104
VIII. John Leech	TIMES	111
IX. The Case Against Persecution	MANCHESTER GUARDIAN	116
X. President Wilson's Answer	SPECTATOR	119
XI. Self-Denial. <i>By R. C. Lehmann</i>	PUNCH	122
XII. A World Famine	NEW STATESMAN	123
XIII. Billy's Yarn. <i>By C. Fox Smith</i>	LONDON CHRONICLE	126
A PAGE OF VERSE.		
XIV. The Guards Came Through. <i>By Sir</i> <i>Arthur Conan Doyle</i>	TIMES	66
XV. "The Bells o' Banff." <i>By Neil Munro</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		127



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH.

Men of the 21st

Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done.
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!

Never a word of cheer!

Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our Corporal shouted "Stand
to!"

And I heard some one cry, "Clear the
front for the Guards!"

And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please, -
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand,
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should *your* cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"

It passed from rank to rank.

Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for
me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I
be,

How the Guards came through.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Times.

"THE BELLS O' BANFF."

As I gaed down the water-side
I heard a maiden sing,
All in the lee-lone Sabbath morn,
And the green glen answering,
"No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall clouds of slain deplore,
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more."

Dead men of ancient tumults lay
In dust below her feet;
Their spirits breathed to her but scents
Of mint and the meadow-sweet;
Singing her psalm, her bosom calm
As the dappled sky above,
She thought the world was dedicate
For evermore to love!

O God! my heart was like to break,
Hearing her guileless strain,
For pipes screamed through the High-
land hills,
And swords were forth again;
And little did the lassie ken
Banff's battle bells were ringing;
Her lad was in the gear of war
While she was happy singing!

Neil Munro.

Blackwood's Magazine.

WOODROW WILSON: MAN AND STATESMAN.

Here in Britain diplomatic messages, great national appeals, proclamations, fine in their idea, mighty in their import, sentences which, lighted with a reader's imagination, blaze in the being, are often stodgy, complicated stuff of words. They smell of clerks and silken gowns, of old chambers and ancient precedents. They are hardly complete in themselves; the beauty of their intention is only revealed when imagination is applied. In such cases there seems a certain insincerity when indeed there is none. However, one comes to the understanding that this is a necessary governmental way; that in the highest places it is unusual and, maybe, impolitic to speak one's mind in simple terms; and that somehow constitutions and history demand a certain dullness and obscurity. If we reproach our enemies, praise the good Allies, encourage the little peoples who lean upon us, exhort our citizens to effort still higher, there are complications of terms, reservations, restraint, some coldness. The Americans come nearly new to such a business; it has been a rare affair with them, and they have no regard for precedents and forms. Truly, Lincoln was an influence, but the national messages of Lincoln had simplicity and frankness for their chief feature. They were not the European kind of thing. President Wilson's are the same in circumstances of even greater difficulty and greater moment. In their simplicity, their honesty, their idealism, and, above all, in the human sympathy they exhibit for the Old World in its agony, for poor suffering humanity, the appreciation of the sorrow and the pathos of it all, the pity of man for his poor brother, the wish to help, such messages are like draughts of cold water from a mountain spring to

parched lips. By them we feel a new force; we feel the youth and earnestness behind them. Even more than by the multiplied millions of dollars, the making of American arms, the coming of American ships, do we sometimes feel in these new and simple thoughts, so plainly expressed, setting forth the nobler principles of national and international life, the grand, the startling, effect of American idealism. Mr. Wilson has been well inspired in the simplicity of his messages. The full spirit of Lincoln's frankness has come upon him, and his appeals to Congress, to his countrymen, to the peoples of other lands, make a series which is matchless in plain impressiveness. We see the new hope, the new idealism, shining in them; we hear the call to man to be brave and strong that the end may be good for all. They are the words of man to man in the supreme crisis of the world. No conventions here! The proclamations of the President of the United States to his fellow-citizens and their foreign friends are not drafted by lawyers, considered by committees, altered and amended and given a Tudoresque finish. Instead of such a process, one likes to think of the President pacing in his garden, writing down, as is his habit, a note or two in shorthand, and then in the watches of the night, with the inspiration aflame in him, seating himself—as he does—before his little typewriter and with his own fingers keying the thoughts and words to their existence on paper almost as rapidly as they are shaped in his mind. That new tone in his messages, that simple frankness, that magnetic touch of hope and comfort and idealism, impress each reader at the first glance. Here is something that is not of the old way, not of

Europe. It is of the new land, the golden West stretching from the "Liberty" borne by New York like a charm upon her bosom to the Pacific on the farther shore.

There was a good example in those few timely, kindly words spoken to faltering Russia, so much harassed, so much tempted by an illusory prospect of peace that had been suggested to her. In the first moments of America's entry into the war her thoughts were of Russia. That was very noticeable. Britain was pleased with the Russian Revolution, but that tremendous event seemed to strike the American imagination more forcibly than ours. At the first moment America flew to Russian assistance with kind, encouraging words and offers of vast supplies. She strove earnestly to make Russia feel that all the body and all the free spirit of the United States were with her. When Russia hesitated, when the way before her began to seem too hard, the President sent a special message to the Provisional Government. It was to give the Russians hope, to stimulate them, and to direct aright their philosophy on the subject of annexations and territorial adjustments, which seemed, amid revulsions of feeling, to be falling into some state of confusion. There was a glow in the words that is not to be found in proclamations from Old-World cabinets. A new conception of America's President suddenly rose in the minds of Europeans when they read, and read a second time, the close of the mighty address to Congress in which he first declared for war. In time so distant that even the history of this ghastly and fateful world convulsion will be condensed by the historians to a page or two, the peroration of Woodrow Wilson's address to Congress will be given in full. "Civilization itself," those men of a new age

will read, "seems to be in the balance; but right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we are, everything we have, with the pride of those who know the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth, and the happiness and peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other." Unforgettable words. But in many minds the strongest impression will remain of the address, so wonderful in its intimacy, in its earnestness and simplicity, that the President made in the form of a personal appeal to his fellow-citizens, soon after the American entry, to join together to unite the nation for the preservation of its ideals and for the triumph of democracy in the world war. In no other country since the war began has an appeal so direct and intimate been made to the people; perhaps in no other country would it have been possible. And yet it seems a possible, an obvious, measure. "Fellow-countrymen," said he in this printed address, "I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal." And then, one by one, he spoke to all classes in that great and diverse community. Thus: "To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employees, let me say that railways are the arteries of the nation's life, and upon them rests the immense

responsibility of seeing to it that these arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power. To the merchant let me suggest the motto, "Small profits and quick service"; and to the ship-builder the thought that life and the war depend upon him. Food and war supplies must be carried across the seas no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied, and supplied at once. To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does. The work of a world waits on him, and if he slackens or fails armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great service of the army. . . . Let me suggest that every one who creates and cultivates a garden helps greatly to solve the problem of feeding the nations, and every housewife who practises strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume a duty of careful and provident use of expenditure, as a public duty and as the dictate of patriotism, which none can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring. . . . The supreme test of the nation has come, and we must all speak, act, and serve together." With time the impressiveness of such appeals increases. Lincoln's words ring through America and the world now as ever they did—nay, more than ever; words of freedom and liberty and great sincerity. Mr. Wilson's have even a greater task to perform, and they have a loftiness fitted to the endeavor. We now see the President as the practical man and the idealist at once, a marvelous statesman who achieved the masterpiece of bringing round his hundred millions of fellow-countrymen to the

one way of thinking at the right moment. He did it not by hard instruction and stern exhortation from the beginning—thus he would have failed—but by gentleness and extreme sympathy always. At the supreme moment of the crisis he had his hundred millions of Americans ready.

It happened that I was in different parts of the United States, East and West, when Mr. Wilson was in the full flood of his first campaign for the presidency in 1912, and circumstances inevitably led a wanderer to take a new and acute interest in this once university professor, who at first glance and thought seemed to be of even drier stuff than one of his opponents, Taft, and to lack all the color and impulsiveness that made the other, Roosevelt, such an attractive figure. But the first examination of the man and his career forced a revelation. Here was a new creation in statesmanship, something not regarded before, in the Old World at all events, as being among the possibilities or practicabilities. This man with a straight American mouth, and one of the deepest, strongest chins to be seen on any man of consequence, was a soaring idealist who sternly bent his ideas to the practical cases of the time, but in doing so discarded old conventions and broke old moulds, making new ones for his purpose. Hitherto in his career he had been springing surprises continually, causing commotions in his communities, a disturbing element frequently; but invariably, by common acceptance in the end, working with a mighty energy and determination for the public good, loving democracy and struggling always for the good of the people against those who would oppress them, reforming without ceasing. Here, it seemed, was a paladin for a new liberty. I followed

his progress for a time, and one Sunday in a great New York political club sat from morning to night among the books he had written, in which some of his principles were expounded. They showed a new way of thinking; they gave a hint about a new possibility for the future. One could not doubt that this man was meant to lead America, and, with the Old World showing signs of a new emancipation, of leading perhaps something more than America. Only a few others had noticed in the past what a remarkable personality and mind was here, and what its prospects might be. First to do so was Colonel George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, who nominated him for a future presidency in 1906, and five years later described him as "Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from bondage that faithful old democratic commonwealth, the state of New Jersey." This bright summary by the American editor indicates an origin and early career of peculiar interest; but there was none of that special romance that it is the delight of a certain class of sentimentalists to associate with the youth of those who were afterwards great. Young Wilson was not a dreamer; no past President gave him a dollar and told him that one day he would be President too; the boy himself did not devote all his leisure hours to the study of the lives of such as Washington, and he made no dramatic declarations to his parents. And yet in the consideration of the origin of Woodrow Wilson, the President of the United States, there is romance enough. What an odd mixture he is!—Scots, Irish, American, and so forth, as Colonel Harvey said. His grandfather on the paternal side

lived in County Down, Ireland, and a hundred and ten years ago went to Philadelphia to better things for himself. His other grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, a Scottish Presbyterian minister, who held an appointment for a long time at Carlisle, and then moved first to Canada, and afterwards to Ohio, where he held a pastorate. The youngest of the seven sons of the Irishman turned towards the ministry for a career, and was licensed to a post at Steubenville Male Academy. There he, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, came to acquaintance with Parson Thomas Woodrow's daughter Janet, who was a pupil at the companion academy for girls. They became friends, lovers, and married. The President was their third child, two daughters having come before, and he was born at Staunton, Virginia, in the last week of 1856. The little family had moved to Georgia at the time the Civil War broke out, Mr. Wilson having accepted a pastorate at Augusta. The boy Woodrow was only four years old at that stirring time, and retains but few impressions of it; but the earliest recollection of his whole life is that of some men shouting in the street outside his father's house that Lincoln had been elected and there would be war. One day, as he remembers, he saw a number of Confederates riding through the town on their way to join the army, and he recalls Jefferson Davis passing through in 1865 on his way to imprisonment. His father was a staunch Southerner, but the family came into little contact with the great struggle. It made no impression at the time on this boy; but yet the Civil War inevitably had a tremendous effect on his mind, his temperament, his thoughts and ideals. It wound up every spring in him, and set him alive and burning for zealous action when the time came for him to go out into

the world a man. That was because by the time he was grown up America was passing through that magnificent inspiring period of building and reconstruction under the new unity. The great fabric of mighty and industrious America was being prepared with amazing vigor. Young Wilson saw it at work, and any man with a germ of the statesman in him was bound to be enormously impressed and stimulated. He was. And at the same time he began to feel that destiny might have something for him; he thought of the presidency, and he determined to direct himself towards law and politics. His education was slow in starting. His father did not believe in forcing in these matters, and he was past nine years of age before he could read; but the pastor, in his careful companionship with his boy, had been affording him training of no small value. They had long walks together; they visited workshops and factories where great object lessons were presented, and at other times in the evenings the father read aloud to the members of his family chapters from Scott and Dickens. Then, after four years at an academy at Atlanta, he was sent to Davidson College, North Carolina, but left after a year through ill-health. In 1875 he proceeded to Princeton University, and there a passion for the study of history and politics took hold of him. He read deeply into Chatham and Burke, and in his fourth year he was regarded as the best speaker and debater at the College. This led to a strange and, as some might say, a significant incident. There was an annual debate at Princeton between two rival debating societies, and that there should be no preparation and that the full capacity of the participants might be tested, both the subject and the debating part in it to be taken by each side were chosen by lot. The rival societies

each put forth a champion, and then the subject and the side were determined by hazard. Wilson was selected by his society, and when the slips of paper were drawn it was ordained that the question should be that of Protection against Free Trade, and, further, that Wilson should urge the case of Protection against the other. He would not do so much violence to his convictions, even though it were but an academic exercise; he tore up his commission and abandoned the debate.

When his university career was completed he tried to settle to the practice of the law, with a partner, but this arrangement was soon abandoned. He determined to teach law instead, took a post-graduate course, and was then appointed lecturer in history and political economy at a women's college near Philadelphia. Some time later he was appointed to the chair of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton, and in 1902 he became president of the university, a position of the utmost control and authority. Now he entered upon his career as a reformer. He set about changing the system of instruction, overthrowing traditions, and abolishing abuses. Princeton at that time was a university greatly controlled by the rich, where their sons, living at the clubs they established, devoted themselves far less to educational matters than was desirable. The new president set a higher standard of efficiency; he made rules by which the students found it necessary to study more than they had done, and he established a system of groups, whereby numbers of students were brought into close personal contact for purposes of discussion and tuition with professors, and not left to their own devices after merely attending lectures, as had been the custom. His was a period of great reforming changes such as had never

been known before; but he found strong interests set against him, especially when he attacked the system of the residential clubs and essayed to substitute another that would have made for more efficiency and less luxury. He had defeats to bear; but in 1910 he ascended to a greater reforming task, for then he was nominated, and elected with a plurality of fifty thousand votes, to the governorship of New Jersey. "Absolute good faith in dealing with the people and unhesitating fidelity to every principle avowed is the highest law of political morality in a constitutional government," he said at that time. He purified and strengthened municipal government in his state; he amazed the people by his boldness, his independence, and his daring. The rest of the world was a little surprised when it heard that one Woodrow Wilson was to be a candidate for the presidency, but those knowing him and about him were not surprised. At the great Democratic convention he was selected as the candidate for the party after a sharp contest with others, and, according to the custom at these remarkable gatherings, he was cheered for an hour and a quarter. At the later trial, when the Republican vote was split between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, with consequences fatal to them, he was an easy winner. He had 435 electoral votes, the plumping votes, from each state in the electoral college, against the 88 that were given to Roosevelt and the 8 to Taft. The election is not counted this way, but it was reckoned that he had 6,286,987 popular votes against Roosevelt's

Chambers's Journal.

4,125,804, and Taft's 3,475,813. The electoral figures take no account of minorities, but the others do. The rest is familiar to most of us. Without doubt Mr. Wilson's re-election last year, near thing as it was, meant much for the great cause of the best of the world.

He is not a man to be judged by physiognomy. He looks cold, hard, unemotional, far from humor, but he is not so. No man is more devoted to home life; he has fine warmth of feeling and rare powers of humor. He can tell a little story as well as any American, and they say he commonly opens his meetings of the Cabinet with an anecdote. He has none of the primary "bad habits," as we call them. There was a flutter in Washington when he first went to the White House, and the rumor spread that only grape juice would be set upon the table. But all were happy afterwards. He lives a clean life. He is fond of sports and games; he is devoted to cycling, rowing, and golf. At times of great stress of mind during the war he has consistently sought relaxation on the golf-course. But when grappling with a problem he paces his study or the gardens of the White House in solitude for hours. The war has aged the President somewhat, but yet his vitality is enormous. It needs to be. On him, perhaps as much as on any one now alive, does the fate of the world depend. He is handling and controlling the most marvelous, most efficient, and most gigantic force that mankind has ever known.

Henry Leach.

THE MERCHANTMEN.

The skippers and the mates, they know!
The men aloft or down below
They've heard the news and still they go.

The merchant ships still jog along
By Bay or Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as a seaman's song.

The humbler tramps aloft display
The English flag as on the day
When no one troubled such as they.

The lesser ships, barques, schooners,
brigs,

A motley crowd of many rigs,
Go on their way like farmers' gigs.

Where Aeolus himself has thrones
The big four-master Glasgow owns
Through Trades and Roaring Forties
drones.

The lofty liners in their pride,
Stem every current, every tide:
At anchor in all ports they ride.

They signal Gib., which looks and
winks;

Grave Malta sees them as she thinks;
They pass old Egypt's ageless Sphinx.

Socotra knows them: Zanzibar
Mirrors them in its oil: they are
Hove to for pilots near and far.

For them Belle Isle and bright Pen-
march

Shine million-candled through the dark,
They're inside Ushant, or by Sark.

Perim and Ormuz and Cochin
Know them and nod: the mingled din
Of cities where strange idols grin.

The Westminster Gazette.

The wharves of sea-set Singapore,
Batavia and Colombo's shore
Where over palms the monsoons roar.

The opened ports of shut Japan,
Chemulpo's harbor and Gensan,
Strange places, Chinese, Formosan!

Head hunters watch them in close seas,
Timor, Gillolo, Celebes,
They sail by the New Hebrides.

Their spars are tried by southern gales,
Great alien stars shine on their sails
Set for the breeze or in the brails.

To carry home their golden rape
A thousand courses still they shape
By the lone Horn or windy Cape.

They've seen the hot seas' dreadful
drouth,

The bitter gales of Sixty South,
Disasters fell and greedy mouth:

The menace of the berg and floe,
The blindness of the fog and snow,
All these the English seamen know.

From Sydney to San Salvador
They know what they are seeking for!
Their gods are not the gods of war.

And still they calmly jog along
By Bay and Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as some dog-watch song.

Morley Roberts.

REVOLUTIONS: THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

A revolution is like a thunder storm: there are heat and mutterings beforehand: and those who govern the State ought to know the signs and prevent the danger. Francis Bacon, one of the greatest of lawyer-politicians (who fell because in his day there was a prejudice against corruption), says some wise things upon this matter.* "The matter of sedition," he says, "is of two kinds: much poverty and much discontentment." And here he adds that "rebellions of the belly are the worst."

*Essay xv, "Of Seditions and Troubles."

He proceeds to a list of causes and motives which I take the liberty of enumerating:

"The causes and motives of seditions are," he says, (1) "Innovation in religion; (2) Taxes; (3) Alteration of laws and customs; (4) Breaking of privileges; (5) General oppression; (6) Advancement of unworthy persons; (7) Strangers (i.e. foreigners); (8) Dearths; (9) Disbanded soldiers; (10) Factions grown desperate; and (11) Whatsoever, in offending people, joineth and knitteth them in a common cause."

All those conditions, which in the opinion of the wisest of men make

trouble in a State, are either with us now or in prospect.

Let us consider them *seriatim*.

(1) Religion is more frequently the color than the cause of rebellions in a State; innovations are dangerous because they are used as a cry and a banner. The Civil Wars were not about religion, yet religion spread, perplexed, and embittered them. It might therefore be wise to allow the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales to drop quietly into the waters of oblivion. It is a minor yet gratuitous addition to our national discontents.

(2) When the Colony of Natal was about to levy a poll tax on the Zulus, she was wisely advised by Paul Kruger to get the money by an import tax on blankets. The Zulu would then pay without knowing that he paid. This is one of the several advantages of indirect over direct taxation, that being less noticed it causes less discontent. And there is another advantage in a tariff: it decreases idleness by cherishing manufacturers, and the "cherishing of manufactures" is, according to Bacon, one of the best preventives against sedition. A nation whose industries are flourishing has no time or much cause for sedition: it is such slumps of trade as might be caused by an influx of German goods after the war that put people in the condition and temper to give trouble.

(3) Before the war there was too much liberty in England; after the war there may be too little. In peace the person encroaches upon the State; in war the State upon the person. Nations are like fagots, to be strong they must be bound together. To preserve our national freedom we must lose our individual liberties. The gain is greater than the loss, or it is at least certain that if we lose the first we cannot preserve the second. The Russians are foolish to celebrate

the liberty of the individual when the nation is in danger of being enslaved. To make bonfires at the capital with the invader in your territory; to rejoice over freedom while your fellow-countrymen are prisoners; solemnly to renounce conquests which you have not made and to proclaim liberties which you cannot secure—this is not conduct well calculated to make a people free. If we desire to maintain our independence we must submit to discipline; but in a nation like ours long used to license, the change is bound to breed discontent.

(4) And so with customs and privileges. The Trade Unions have been persuaded to surrender some of those safeguards which they substituted for the protection of our ancient tariffs and wage boards. When the State ceased to protect the workmen against exploitation, the workmen were right to protect themselves. But war unprepared for means work at high pressure or destruction. The Trade Unions were therefore persuaded to relax their customs, and the agitator is busy telling them that what they have surrendered will never be restored. The politicians try to reassure them, but the worst of a politician is, he has lied so much to become one that he is never trusted afterwards. If our manufacturers had been left to handle the situation themselves, there would have been less trouble; but labor was put in the hands of civil servants and politicians, whose method was to take warning from nobody and do nothing. If the Munitions Department had been exploited with the design of fomenting discontent, the thing could not have been better done. Until British employers are restored to their rightful place in the counsels of the State, and until politicians give up fishing for votes in the pool of industry, we shall not get rid of this trouble. And this is the greater pity, since our

British working men, rightly taken, are the best subjects in the world.

(5) It is said that the Tsar fell because he stopped vodka, and Mr. Lloyd George may fall if he stops beer. The worst oppression we have in this country is the oppression of the crank, since it is an oppression without reason and without reward. Then there is the oppression of the Sugar Commission, which at the beginning was a device to preserve the goodwill of the German beet industry, and has since become a means of transferring our sugar-supply from Germany to Cuba. Thanks to the American policy of Protection and the impetus of high prices, there is now about as much sugar being produced as before the war. But the profits have gone chiefly to the United States. If at the beginning the West Indies had been given security for their cane, we might have regained a great industry. As it is, we have fermented the sweet of sugar into the sour of discontent. The queue at the grocer's shop is a little center of revolution. As for the Food Controller, being a tradesman he was distrusted by the poor, who have a strange prejudice against shopkeepers, even when they have become peers. If the control of foodstuffs had been left in the hands of Mr. Prothero and Captain Bathurst there would have been more food and less trouble—and there would also have been less profit to the middleman.

Hinc usura vorax, rapidumque in
tempore fœnus,
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile
bellum.

The forestaller and the regrater flourish on the sudden demands and panics of war. And the methods of the Food Controller gave them all the opportunities they could desire.

(6) Democracy, which was intended to be a form of government, has now become a State religion, and its clergy are, generally speaking, all those who cannot thrive upon their own trades. Its chief article of faith is that the round hole is made for the square peg. The making of munitions is put in the hands of a doctor, and the making of dyes is entrusted to a political whitewasher. A Jew, because he may be skilled in the reconstruction of companies, is given charge of the reconstruction of England. A revolution against incompetence in this country might be welcome were it not certain that the revolutionaries would cut off the heads of the wrong people.

(7) When Bacon was Lord Chancellor, the burning question in England was the naturalization of the Scotch, a subject which I rejoice to say is no longer in controversy. In Bacon's time it nearly caused a civil war, for Englishmen unworthily suspected James of putting lean courtiers into fat offices. But aliens had long been a cause of discontent in England. From the time of King John, who anticipated modern dentistry by discovering that teeth might be stopped with gold, our chronicles are full of more or less hostile references to the foreigner. Piers Gaveston, the first naturalized alien to be raised to the Privy Council and the peerage, caused a revolution which was disastrous to himself and his patron.

In the Middle Ages almost the whole trade of England was done by foreigners, who were also tax collectors, usurers, pardoners, and priests. The Englishman was exploited by the foreigner from the cradle to the grave, and could not even die without a last extortion for the good of his soul. As the fifteenth-century poet of the "Libel of English Policy" wrote:

Also they bere the gold out of this land,
And sucke the thrift away out of our
hand:

As the Waspe souketh honie fro the bee
So minisheth our commoditee.

The Germans especially had dug themselves in: they were above English justice and English customs; they were exempt from all laws against foreigners; they had the keeping of a gate of the City of London; and they had almost a monopoly of English commerce. Corruption was their chief means of maintaining their position:

What reason is it that we should goe to
oste

In their countries, and in this English
coste

They should not so? but have more
liberty

Than we ourselves now also motte I
thee.

I would to gifts men should take no
heede

That letteth our thing publicke for to
speede.

For this we see well every day at eye
Gifts and fests stopen our policie.

Now see that fooles ben either they or
wee:

Forever we have the worse in this
countree.

When I hear of Sir Ernest Cassel giving a donation to our charities or a dinner to our lawyer politicians, that bitter cry the of fifteenth-century Englishman comes into my head:

Gifts and fests stopen our policie.

This struggle against foreign exploitation, and especially against the German, was a main cause, or the main cause, of almost every revolt, riot, and revolution that took place in England from the time of Richard II to the time of Mary. To justify this statement I must refer my readers to my book, *The Germans in England*. A Danzig chronicler, contemporary with the Wars of the Roses, states as

the reason of these wars that the "common people (of England) hated the German merchant, and would follow any lord who did their will"; and an English chronicler describes how Warwick's army marched upon London and destroyed the German beerhouses—such evidence as this can neither be ignored nor refuted. Then we have Wat Tyler's rebellion, when the London mob chased the foreigner into the churches, and slaughtered those who could not say bread and cheese with an English accent. We have the Wyatt Rebellion, due to the betrothal of Mary to a son of the German Emperor and the accompanying restoration of Hanseatic privileges. All these events, as much as the present feeling in England, the anti-German riots in London, and the recent anti-Jewish riots in Leeds, show the need for a stronger policy governing the restriction of aliens. The national system is like the human system: if it is healthy it can absorb with comfort a fair number of foreign microbes; but if there are too many, and the constitution of the patient is weakened, fever is apt to result. "A reasonable amount of fleas," says David Harum, "is good fer a dog. Keeps him from worryin' about bein' a dog." And so a reasonable amount of foreigners may be good for a nation. But a nation is in danger when it is overrun by foreigners, especially when these foreigners belong to a nation which is the industrial rival and political enemy of the country in which they reside.

(8) When Bacon wrote that "Rebellions of the belly are the worst," he may have had in mind the contemporary troubles in Germany, for the Thirty Years' War was in great part due to the destruction of the Hanseatic system of trade by the English, the Dutch, and the Scandinavian Powers. The German towns

refused to allow protection for German industries; the commercial system degenerated into profiteering, and to save their own skins they blamed the Church, just as our Liberal politicians are trying to throw the blame for their manifold treacheries upon the Crown.

They cornered the pepper, they cornered the lard,
And blamed the Church that the times were hard,

so wrote a German satirist on the eve of the Thirty Years' War.

The destruction of the German Empire reacted upon British trade, and about the year 1640, when the Civil Wars began, there was one of the biggest slumps in the history of English commerce, a slump which the Royal policy of forced loans brought to a crisis. In the same way, the growth of French industry under the protective policy of Louis XIV brought about another commercial crisis which turned against King James II because that monarch leaned upon France. The two main causes of the French Revolution, upon the other hand, was the Eden Treaty, which flooded France with English manufacturers and ruined French industry, and a run of bad harvests. During the Terror, Paris was in a state of famine. Food tickets were the order of the day, and people were guillotined for hoarding bread. Napoleon's policy was to re-establish the industrial system of France by returning to the policy of Louis XIV, just as Cromwell's policy was a return to the commercial system of Queen Elizabeth. In both cases the protection of industries and the opening of markets were the means used to relieve an economic crisis and bring to an end the bad trade and dearth which were the root of the national discontent.

Bacon clearly perceives that the

malady having an economic root there must be an economic cure. "The first remedy or prevention," he says, "is to remove by all means possible that material cause of sedition whereof we speak, which is want and poverty in the estate to which purpose serveth the opening and well balancing of trade, the cherishing of manufactures; the banishing of idleness; the repressing of waste and excess by sumptuary laws; the improvement and husbandry of the soil; the regulating of prices of things vendible; the moderating of taxes and tributes; and the like." There is one compendious sentence the greatest of philosophers concentrates the whole business of economic statesmanship.

The last three heads of sedition, which I have numbered (9), (10), and (11), bring us directly to the propaganda which is going on in England today—a propaganda working in the interests of the enemy, directed to revolutionary ends, and seeking for that purpose to unite all the discontents in one faction.

If I were to attempt to follow the intricate threads of these conspiracies through the various divisions of industrial, political, commercial, and intellectual propaganda, I should be led beyond the scope of this short article. The industrial propaganda had its nucleus before the war in the Independent Labor Party—a Party weak in numbers, for its total membership is only some thirty thousand, but strong in leaders skilful in the democratic arts of wire-pulling. Such narrow and bitter fanatics as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Philip Snowden were neither in spirit nor in habit akin to our working men. We might rather compare them with the German Jews of high finance, since like them they professed an international creed and looked to Germany for their intellectual stock-in-trade. The

synod to which they looked for their doctrine was the International, where comrades of all nations debated with the fervor of the Early Christians the obscure dogma of Marxian economics and the fiery evangel of the Class War. How far official Germany assisted in this propaganda in order to undermine the national spirit of the countries she intended to conquer will probably never be known; but to do the German Socialists justice they never deceived their comrades as to what they would do in the event of war. When war should come, they said, they would be Germans first and Socialists afterwards, and would never be parties to any policy of undermining that most popular institution the German army, nor would they take part in an international strike to make war impossible. It is a heavy indictment against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his friends that they took no notice of these friendly warnings, but returned to advise their countrymen to an anti-patriotic course in which, as they knew, the Germans would never follow them.

When in the event our workmen, like the German working men, embraced the "bourgeois* superstition of patriotism," and ranged themselves solidly on the side of their country, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden were left in a faction which was the more bitter because it had been proved to be wrong.

A second organization working upon parallel lines was created by the genius of Mr. E. D. Morel. Before the war this gentleman had chiefly busied himself in agitating the Congo question. That he had any sympathy with the obscure tribes that occupy the riverine plains of Central Africa is open to doubt. The tribulations of the Hereros and Hottentots in

German Southwest Africa left him quite unmoved, and although Mr. Morel appears to be by birth and nationality a Frenchman, the sufferings of Belgium and of France have not stirred him to any display of public indignation. The cannibals of the Congo were merely pawns in Mr. Morel's game, which was to cause friction between England and Belgium and between England and France, and to secure for Germany the reversion of tropical Africa. Why this was Mr. Morel's game I have no means of knowing; what I do know is that it may be traced through all his writings and all his activities.*

The promoters of the Union of Democratic Control in a private letter to their friends proposed as one of their objects a peace without humiliation, and it is characteristic of those critics of "secret diplomacy" that this object does not appear in their public appeals for support. Nor is it clear why "popular control" should be advocated by men who are manifestly in a minority, unless it be because this catchword is like most catchwords, a mere device for concealing their true motives.

These two organizations work in close harmony upon parallel lines. They are well supplied with funds, and although their enthusiasm for popular control does not go so far as popular inspection of their accounts, we may surmise that powerful Free Trade or Free Import interests lie behind.

Allied at least in spirit with these two organizations is the Shop Stewards movement. The Shop Stewards are Trade Union officials whose ostensible work is to see that there are no invasions of Trade Union rights; but they have been working steadily to disturb the peace in the munition

*Bourgeois is the one French word of which our Socialist crators never seem to tire, possibly because they know no other.

*Mr. Morel's *Morocco in Diplomacy* is merely a popular rendering of the German official case, and one of his pamphlets on the African question is published by the "Germanistic Society of Chicago."

factories. They profess to believe in direct action with the object of "securing the means of production for the benefit of the workers"; but whatever the pretext the result is anarchy and disorganization. The Munitions Department were given powers by Parliament to deal with such mischief-makers; but the nerveless, ignorant, and incompetent hands of Dr. Addison and his subordinates were incapable of using them. The official in charge of labor received full reports of the mischief that was brewing, and indomitably sat upon these reports. When the trouble came the politicians took the matter in hand and heroically surrendered every position to the agitators, who boast that they won a complete success in what they call their dress rehearsal. With timidity and incompetence on the one side and overweening audacity on the other, the situation cannot but be perilous.

Such are the "factions grown desperate"; dangerous in themselves, they are made more dangerous by the discontents which they are joining and knitting in a common cause. These discontents are principally of two classes: the "discharged soldiers," who have generally a grievance as to pay or pension or disablement allowance which the agitator is quick to use for his own purpose; and those young men who have gone into "protected trades" in order to escape military service. Together they must number several hundred thousands, and Com-

The National Review.

mittees of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates have been formed all over the country to rope them into the revolutionary movement.

Such is the general position: it is dangerous, but dangerous especially if the Government is without policy to meet it, save concession and surrender. The great majority of the population remains loyal; but history shows that an unorganized majority is helpless against an organized minority—and the majority is helpless if its organization, which is the Government, should fail it.

Let there be no mistake. The revolutionaries are implacable, and their object is to produce such a state of anarchy as shall leave this country helpless to continue the war. Such is the plight of Russia at the present time; and such, the revolutionaries intend, shall be the plight of England. The conspiracy will fail if the Government shows resolution and stands firm in support of the loyal elements: it can only succeed if the Government, like the Government of Russia, commits suicide by sheer cowardice and incompetence. Things are drifting that way: blunder leads to blunder, and concession to concession. When surrender is made to sedition, loyalty becomes timid, and the well-affected begin to calculate that they may be on the losing side. There must be a change of spirit and a change of policy if Government is to regain the prestige and authority it has lost.

Ian D. Colvin.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER VII.

It was clear that Lucilla was to be welcomed in the Travis household with due pomp, and with those culinary

efforts that attend the return of the prodigal and the reception of the stranger.

Laurence came home to an at-

mosphere of roasting and boiling. His mother was preparing the sweets in the dining-room, and Rosa was vigorously polishing glasses. His masculine sense failed to see the reason of such effort. It worried him. He did not divine the moral issue at the root of all this roasting and polishing and arranging. The two women, conscious of the incompleteness of their welcome, were filling up the measure with hard labor.

"I wouldn't fuss about Lucilla," said Laurence, "she's not a bit particular really, she likes a sort of picnic existence."

"Things must be nice," his mother answered; "they lived in great style. We shall seem very tame and dull after her own home. Do you think Burgundy and lemonade will be enough for drinks? We're having white soup, and then chicken, and two sweets and cheese, and coffee—she'd be sure to like coffee."

"Oh! that's heaps," Laurence declared without enthusiasm; "she must take us as she finds us."

"Well! we must be clean," Rosa declared, as she vehemently polished a glass.

At seven o'clock Christina in her best black satin dress sat in her little drawing-room. She had a little velvet rosette in her gray hair, the hair that was now her one small beauty. Her Limerick lace collar adorned the dress, and she wore some old pearl ornaments of her mother's, little sheaves of corn, and a basket made of seed pearls. What rings she could wear on rheumatic fingers she had put on, and a pair of heavy gold bracelets not unlike royal handcuffs. In this state she sat waiting. Her face was flushed, and she was too nervous to knit or to read. Her eyes were fixed on the window. Soon she would see her, the new queen of her son's heart. If there be a spiritual act, unmentioned

in devotional books, of generosity, Christina made it.

With a little furtive movement she slipped some papers under the sofa cushion for future use. They were tied with ribbon and scented with orris root.

As she did it the gate creaked open and Lucilla entered, followed by Laurence.

Christina flushed hotly, then rustled across the room towards the door. She was in the hall as Laurence's key turned in the lock.

"Dear daughter, welcome!"

She had rehearsed her little speech, and she made it quickly as she took the newcomer in her arms.

Lucilla was really touched and surprised.

"Thank you . . . how kind," she murmured. She lifted her eyes to Christina's and met the kind shrewd eyes of an elderly woman.

"Why! What a pretty daughter I have got."

Lucilla flushed with pleasure, then turned to Rosa who had rushed downstairs, still fastening her waistband.

"Welcome, Lucilla," cried Rosa, with dutiful heartiness, as she kissed her future sister-in-law on both cheeks.

It was Rosa's part to conduct Lucilla up to her neat ascetic little bedroom. And here began that process of spiritual chill that was inevitable.

Lucilla looked round her as she took off her hat and long coat. Rosa's bedroom was Rosa. It had its orderly religious element—*prie-Dieu*, crucifix, and Sistine Madonna, its pious books, the Treasury of Devotion, and the Imitation of Christ. Then there was the necessary furniture—bed, washstand, wardrobe and hard chair, and the white-draped dressing table, with its recently-washed brush and comb. There was no powder-box; there were no silver ornaments, no scents. A large photograph of Jack Brown, in a red

leather frame, added something to the cheerful asceticism of the room.

Lucilla stood before the glass arranging her hair with little deft fingers. Rosa was pouring out hot water and indicating soap and towels in the meanwhile, and they were trying to talk, spasmodically.

"Oh! What good people, what fearfully overwhelmingly good people! What shall I do? What shall I talk about?" thought Lucilla. She turned away from the glass and met Rosa's critical eyes. A Persian cat invited to sup with a party of well-trained terriers, to whom cat-hunting is at other times a legitimate pastime, might feel as Lucilla felt. Then the gong sounded, banged by the vigorous Theresa, who was resplendent in new cap and apron.

Lucilla took her place, glanced at her miter-like napkin, the table decorations, and felt, even as she glanced, the chill creep round her soul. She realized all that had been done for her, the preparations, the scouring, the polishing. But she felt the spiritual atmosphere charged with laborious effort. Her mother-in-law of the future was full of anxiety for her comfort and amusement; she and Rosa talked with determination. They chose her subjects, music, games, theatricals, and spun from them a little catechism of questions, yet all the time Lucilla sank deeper into the snowdrift of despair. So these were *her* people; and always, always they would be kind and respectable and dutiful. They were as alien to her as the negro is to the Teuton. She did not speak their language or think their thoughts. The atmosphere they created was one in which she could not breathe. They made dry land for her, poor little stranded fish.

As for Laurence he was shy and absent-minded. He did not eat much, and he seemed scarcely to notice her.

LIVING AGE, VOL. VIII, No. 374.

But the function went to its bitter end, dreary as only an ill-assorted dinner-party can be.

Lucilla had no conversation of the sort that Christina understood by this title, but still she made her effort. She uttered a few remarks, and answered their questions, and looked mournfully at her plate.

"Stupid little owl," thought Rosa. "What *can* he see in her?"

"Why? why? why?" thought Christina. "Oh! God forgive me. The poor child is shy; she'll be very different when I really know her."

They had consumed dates, bananas and Chinese figs, and sustained some weary conversation, when, with a little sigh, Christina rose.

"We'll have coffee in the drawing-room," she said; "mine can wait for me; I have a letter to write for this evening's post. Laurence, dear, take care of Lucilla for me."

She laid a kind plump hand on the girl's shoulder.

Her thoughts ran on . . . "After all, I felt like that once, shy and stiff and miserable, and I wasn't in love. I wonder is she? Oh! she must be . . . with my Laurence; how could she help it?"

Rosa, with obvious tact, retired to the garden to talk to the Browns across the wall. Laurence and Lucilla were alone in the drawing-room with the coffee cups. He drew her to him.

"Poor baby! It *is* an ordeal for you."

Lucilla clung to him. She liked his arms round her, his face against hers. Had he been a stranger she would have liked it just as much. He was a man, and therefore she liked his caresses as a cat values the stroking hypnotic touch on back and head. She threw back her head on his shoulder, and he kissed with passion the pretty white throat.

Ah! that was not duty. Laurence

at least had some touch of vehement ardor. Once more she could breathe and understand. "They are so good," she murmured; "are you good, Laurie boy?"

"No, of course not, if you don't want me to be."

"Oh! Fie! What would your mamma say?"

"What do you mean by good?"

"I mean—temperate. They would be shocked if one laughed loud or screamed or had a *very* good time."

"Nonsense, baby. Why, mother says your personality must have scope."

"Did she? Yes, she is kind. She is trying all the time to be kind, but she can't forget that I'm taking her boy away from her."

"Rubbish, dear; I only love her the more because I love you."

"Laurie, would you love me if I were bad?"

"Would I? Oh! yes. I'm a silly fool; I'd love you if it broke my heart and damned me."

"Why?"

"I just can't help it."

"I like that. It's not just duty and pity and all those dull feelings?"

Laurence pressed his mouth to hers.

"Is it?" he asked.

"No—that's the real thing."

"You wouldn't let anyone else kiss you like that, Lucilla?" he asked fiercely.

"No . . . not now, no, of course not."

Her dark eyes shone. Her beauty, pale and lifeless at dinner time, was now kindled.

"I want to live," she said, "to live every minute. I think I'm a drunkard where life is concerned; I loathe existence."

"You *shall* live if I can make money. I promise you I'm working hard. We'll travel, you shall have pretty clothes, and see and be seen."

"Yes, we'll go to hot places where people are lazy and careless and happy, won't we, Laurie, places where people don't need heaps of clothes and morals?"

"What a little Oriental you are," he said; "you've got the sun in your blood."

She sat down on his knee, and they drank their coffee and smoked their cigarettes and made a foolish dialogue between their kisses, and all the time any other might have been in Laurence's place for all Lucilla cared, except for that uncomfortable tiresome sense of gratitude which she had to feel to him. That was burdensome. It is so much easier to give than to receive, and the grateful are generally among the elect, such as the poor, who lack among other things the luxury of being benefactors.

Christina came in, and they rose laughing.

"Come, Lucilla," she said, "I'll show you my treasures. You are the only woman I can admit to this privilege, but my treasure is yours now, my dear."

Laurence looked profoundly embarrassed.

"Oh! mother dear, is it my first curl, and my first tooth, and my first letter home? If so, I really must go upstairs."

"Very well, my son, go. And here's Rosa, she shall play for us while we nod our heads over my collection."

Laurence thought, "Why will mother do it? It's not Lucilla's style. She is not maternal and she will be bored. I wish mother wouldn't."

But Christina knew one thing about life, namely, that a woman who loves a man loves always the child in him, that she is stirred to infinite tenderness by the relics and memories of his childhood that she did not know. She loves the little boy that was for the sake of the man that is.

So the mother produced her carved sandal-wood box and took out its scented treasures, the shorn fair hair when Laurence put aside the flowing locks of infancy, his first present to her, a bead necklace threaded with laborious art, a prayer book inscribed to "My Dear Mother from her son," a packet of his letters from school, too heartbreaking to read aloud even now (only the envelopes of these were exhibited), some quite futurist drawings, and a poem, written at the age of eight, on the mutability of life and the inevitable nature of the grave. At all these things Lucilla smiled, turning them over with careless white fingers.

"What a lot you thought of him," she said; "I suppose mothers always do."

Christina flushed a little; she had been boasting of Laurence's precocious abilities under cover of Rosa's playing (Rosa was conscientiously making headway through the Grieg Wedding March; she had learned it at school and never wholly forgotten it).

Then followed a display of photographs of Laurence at every age and with every expression from sulky solemnity to smiling fatuity. In family groups with his parents he appeared, in long clothes, in short clothes, in his first knickerbockers, holding a gun or a toy rabbit, in a sailor suit on a mast, in velveteens in a swing.

Christina had made certain that the velveteen suit photograph would stir Lucilla to envy. She had prepared to sacrifice it to the future wife.

In the imaginary rehearsal of this evening (what vast diversity always between rehearsal and fact!) Lucilla had gazed with ardent eyes at this picture, had lingered over it, saying, "If I could get another . . ."

In reality Lucilla turned the page quickly. "Oh! that's you, isn't it,

Mrs. Travis, with a full skirt and bustle; how funny it looks, doesn't it?"

"It does," Christina responded; "there, dear, you'll be tired now of photographs. Don't you sing and play?"

Rosa was pounding out Beethoven's Funeral March, the next item on her program. Lucilla admitted that she sang. She had a very small voice, but she used it well. When she was singing Laurence came in. They had a little more music and a rubber of whist, and so the evening ended.

When the door had closed upon the future husband and wife, Christina rose and wrapped up her relics of the past. She and Rosa were silent for a time. Then Rosa burst out, "What fools men are!"

"Hush, dear. We must not criticise. It's not fair, 'it's too soon . . . besides, she's very pretty and I'm sure she behaved very nicely. If she loves him . . . that is all I ask.'"

"If she loves him—"

"I don't think she does. I'm afraid not, Rosa. She took no interest in the things I told her . . . it might have been *any* child. No, love is not like that."

Rosa stood erect, her eyes grew luminous.

"Love! Why, she doesn't even know love by sight as . . . as Jack and I know it. But I think no one ever did care as *we* do."

Christina sighed. She looked old and faded in the glare of incandescent light. "Laurence must go his own way," she said. "I cannot keep him at my apron strings; I can neither warn nor save him. Men will be men, Rosa; besides . . . it may be all right."

CHAPTER VIII.

Christina made but one effort to avert the inevitable of her son's marriage. There had come upon her a

sense of passivity. The old life was breaking up. The current of fate was carrying her along towards loneliness, old age, and that last adventure, death. It has been shown in this chronicle that Christina was a commonplace woman, a unit in that vast army of sober matrons who live and die unnoticed. She was neither rebel nor visionary nor charmer. Out of such stuff the Creator makes no Jeanne d'Arc nor Catherine of Siena, and the Devil scarcely considers it material for a Pompadour or a Montezuma. Christina had only, as the commonplace often have, a large supply of patience. She could be passively unhappy with a cheerful face.

First there came the genuine agony of Rosa's departure, the last day, the packing, the terrible waiting for the cab. Rosa and she had clung heart-broken for a minute and then Christina had found herself alone in the quiet sunny dining-room, crying softly. Yes, that was inevitable. She must dry her eyes and be cheerful and serene, when Laurence came back from Liverpool where he had gone with Rosa.

Laurence came back, and he and his mother had a comfortable little dinner at the small table in the dining-room. They are both conscientiously cheerful, and when the meal was over Laurence smoked his pipe in the drawing-room and begged his mother to play to him.

He looked the picture of easy serenity as he lolled in his chair, but his mind was ill at ease for he had resolved to embark on one of those family discussions which so painfully rend in twain the curtain of daily reticence.

"Mater," he said abruptly, as Christina took up her knitting and sat down near the fire.

"Well, dear?"

"Only this, I must be thinking of my own marriage now."

"Of course, Laurence. I wanted to speak of it."

"I must be thinking of a house. Now the question is this. Will you come and live with us in a new house or shall we come and live here with you?"

Christina was silent for some seconds. She flushed painfully and swallowed before she spoke.

"Neither, dear. You and Lucilla will live alone in your own house or flat. There is no question about it. Don't hurt me by going over the argument. It is better so."

Laurence sat up and looked at his mother.

"I will not leave you alone. I can't imagine the house without you. Why shouldn't you and Lucilla get along together?"

Christina shook her head.

"No. The young have a duty to the young. Your duty is to her. That is Nature's way, and Nature knows best. I shall be better quietly by myself with Theresa, unless of course you need Theresa, when I could look out for another. You see, Laurence, I am getting older every day. I should be tired and worried by social gaieties, perhaps even by children in a small house. One must face these things; it is the physical change that involves the spiritual one. No one will love her grandchildren more than I shall, but I shall not in a few years be fit for much noise or anxiety. I shall have crystallized into an old lady with her habits and her fads. It would be sad for us all to realize the mistake later and to change then. Let the change come now. There are some nice little new houses that would just do for Theresa and me. We shall live so quietly that I can allow you and Rosa fifteen pounds a year each, a very small sum, dear, but it will help a little."

"No, I . . . I won't take it, mother."

Laurence walked to the window and back.

"It seems miserable," he said; "I hate these partings. Life hurts a lot."

His mother assented.

"Yes, but one has so many pleasures, little daily joys. Not to be ill or very unhappy is such a comfort. Do, my son, look out your house and consult Lucilla and Lucilla only."

The truth of his mother's words had impressed the young man. These facts of life were sad but inevitable. Of course it was better that he and Lucilla should start alone, and they would all be happier a little bit apart, but the realization saddened him.

"Well, it is not *my* wish," he declared.

"No, dear, God bless you, I know it. But I shall be so near and see you so often. For you are my great, my only local interest, now that Rosa is so far away."

The flat was chosen in Upper Westhampton and Laurence busied himself about the furnishing and decoration. Once more Uncle Edmund was generous, and a check for one hundred pounds expressed his kindness, though not his approval, for he did not like the connection and dismissed his nephew's affairs in family conclave with the verdict, "The boy's an ass—an unpractical would-be Don Quixote."

The dun days of November had come and the evenings were misty and chilly, and the early darkness made life seem an enclosed and threatened fortress among menacing terrors. Lucilla had chosen her wedding-day in early December. She was living with some friends, for her mother had set sail for Jamaica, leaving her daughter to fend for herself. A very quiet wedding was all that could be afforded, and under the Warwick Brown cloud quietness seemed necessary. Chris-

tina, from sympathy, divined something of the girl's sullen resentment against Fate. But she did not fathom the full bitterness Lucilla felt in being cheated, so she put it, of her due, a fashionable and pretty wedding. The wedding-day was to her the crown of a girl's life-time, and now she was given the mere husk of the day, robbed both of its inward and outward glory.

Christina was cognizant from the first that the engagement was a time of stress and strain to the affianced. But it had been so with her, and the state seemed normal. Laurence was dreamy, melancholy, or spasmodically gay; Lucilla was petulant.

The furnishing of the flat produced a new Laurence hardly realized by his mother. The professional has often a personality that he shows only in his profession, an authoritative, dogmatic personality conscious of power. Laurence, nebulous in religion, tolerant in all things, vague in money matters, became self-assertive in art. He took the matter of furnishing into his hands and showed a profound unconsciousness of any other point of view.

Christina, a little Victorian still, was not sure about the patternless monotone of the wall papers. She looked around her doubtfully.

"I'm sure it's very artistic," she said vaguely.

"My dear mother, it's right. I really do understand houses. This is my chance and I'm taking it. It will be beautiful, the best flat in the town. Just you be a darling; don't criticise, but thread your machine and do these curtains for me."

Christina acquiesced cheerfully. After all it was not her house, and she was sure that Laurence was an incipient genius and knew best. She loved to work half the day for Laurence sitting at the machine, sewing on curtain rings, clinging always to that

cherished sense of usefulness that the years seemed to be stealing from her.

But acquiescence was not in Lucilla's nature. She entered one day to the dining-room end of the flat sitting-room to find Christina sewing busily in the failing light of the early afternoon.

Lucilla's dress always struck Christina as daringly fashionable. This outward display and the girl's use of heavy scent never failed to give the elder woman an instinctive shock which she tried to counteract by effort.

"I can't see the point of having one's dining-room like a church; can you, mater?" she asked, glancing with discontent at Laurence's lately acquired Arundel prints.

"They look well, dear, on this brown paper."

"Oh! yes, but——"

"But what, Lucilla?"

"It's Laurence. The whole house is Laurence."

The girl appealed to that feminine freemasonry which in certain matters unites women in bonds of sympathy against men.

"I thought," she went on, "that the house at least was the woman's affair."

"But Laurence is an architect, so houses interest him, and he *has* taste, Lucilla."

"Oh! yes, but such stiff, solemn sort of taste!"

Lucilla pulled off her hat and went through the curtains that divided the room. Christina heard her moving about and hammering. The winter darkness fell and the two women lighted the gas and went on with their own occupations and their own thoughts. Christina's were apprehensive and melancholy.

Presently Laurence came in. Christina heard him open the drawing-room

door. There was an inaudible greeting, and then an audible dialogue.

"Busy, baby? What are you doing?"

"Arranging my drawing-room."

"I thought it was arranged?"

"You had put up *your* things. I brought over mine today. I like a homely drawing-room."

"But, Lucilla darling, you don't like framed photographs hung just under the water-color landscapes?"

"Yes, I do. I like my photographs."

"But, my child, that aggressive-looking man doesn't match with that old Gothic archway, does he?"

"You needn't be rude about my friends."

"I beg your pardon, I thought he was your father's friend."

"So he is and mine too. I knew him before I knew you. He is very kind; he has sent me a gold bracelet for a wedding present."

"H'm! has he? Who is he by the way?"

"Tom Armstrong is his name. He's fine sport, a great cricketer and boxer, a real *man* if he's not artistic and æsthetic."

Christina winced for her son. She could feel the words cut Laurence. Was he not a *real* man, her sensitive, artistic son with his chivalry and his dreams?

"Oh!" Laurence's voice answered slowly. "Yes, he looks virile enough. Still, photographs among water-colors don't look well, and, Lucilla, need we have cushions with bows on them? I was going to suggest you and the mater making a set of cushion covers; a good old rose color would look well."

"I haven't time. I like that bow one, it's a present too, and it's got to stay, Laurence; yes, and those china cats, put them down please. This is my drawing-room, and I have a right to have china cats if I want them."

"Very well! They're simply bad taste. You've spoiled the room."

There was a sound of quick movement. "Have it your own way then, Laurence. I didn't know that you were such an ardent upholsterer. Yes, I *have* left a hole where the nail was. I don't care. I'll keep my things in my own drawer as nowhere else in the house belongs to me. Go away! Please don't try to wheedle. Be an upholsterer if you choose, and have your drawing-room as you like it. I *hate* the place."

Laurence's voice spoke sharply.

"You are very unkind and unreasonable. I think I'd better go."

The door closed and silence succeeded. Then suddenly, with a rattle of curtain rings, Lucilla stood before Christina. Her face was pale and anger smouldered in her eyes.

"I'm sorry you had to overhear our little dispute," she said.

"You knew I was here, Lucilla."

"I did. Of course you take Laurence's part."

"No, I don't. I think the drawing-room is the wife's business."

Lucilla softened a little.

"The house is all Laurence," she said, "not a bit me. I'm sure it's artistic . . . but it's severe; it's not my style, it freezes me."

Christina put down her work with trembling fingers. She was flushed and agitated. Her heart palpitated. For once she laid aside her passivity and tried to resist the current of Fate. She wanted to thrust herself between Laurence and disaster.

"But——" she began.

"But what?" asked Lucilla. She too was braced for some battle of spirit between herself and the elder woman.

"It is just this that frightens me, Lucilla. When you feel Laurence in everything it freezes you and stifles you, or oppresses you. The truth is you don't love him . . . face the truth."

Christina stood confronting the girl. Lucilla's eyes wavered.

"Oh! of course I do. Dear old Laurie! What makes you think that, Mrs. Travis?"

"Because, Lucilla, I *do* love him and I know. Every sign of Laurence in a house, everything characteristic of him warms my heart. Even his old shoes are so dear to me that I hate to give them away. Laurence is the core of life to me. To you he is nothing. Oh! Lucilla, give him up. I'll tell him, I'll help you, I'll do anything to avert the disaster of a loveless marriage."

Lucilla looked at her with eyes wherein the cold critical judgment of youth considered her.

"Were you in love with Mr. Travis?"

Christina winced.

"No, I was not. I loved him very much after we were married."

"Then why shouldn't I love Laurence very much after we're married?"

"Because we are different—you and I. I am ordinary, conscientious, not very passionate, but devoted to children. I married for duty and for children, and I was happy as millions of women are who marry for just the same reasons. But you are different, Lucilla, you have a capacity for enjoyment, for passion, far beyond mine or Rosa's or Hermione's. You'll be disappointed if you don't get it, and you'll be resentful, and Laurence will have to pay. You are beautiful, yes . . . I think it, and you are exotic and fascinating, you want what the women of your kind do want, perpetual admiration, excitement, perpetual youth. Oh! though you are so different I understand you. I am sorry for you here, cramped and numbed by our little provincial life and its little dull duties and pleasures. I know what you think of Laurence too; you think him womanish and tiresome, his chivalry and sensitiveness bore you. You two have nothing in

common. Lucilla, for God's sake, give him up."

Before Lucilla answered the door opened and Laurence came in.

"Who is Lucilla to give up?" he asked quickly. His face was set in pale indignation.

"You," Lucilla answered laughing.

"So you're quarreling about me?" the young man asked, looking from one to the other of the two women who were his nearest and dearest.

"We were not quarreling," Christina answered. She spoke with difficulty, for her voice trembled. "I warned Lucilla not to marry you unless she loves you. I spoke for your happiness and for hers."

Laurence looked at his mother with hard resentful eyes.

"Dear mother," he said, "do remember that I'm not a child still. If I choose to muddle my life you must let me. I know you mean well, but the old must not interfere with the young. Now, Lucilla, do you want to marry me or do you not?"

This severe angry man with his resolute speech appealed to Lucilla as the gentle tolerant Laurence never did. Fires of excitement smouldered in her eyes.

"Yes, I want to marry you," was her reply.

Laurence turned to his mother.

"You hear, mother? Please be satisfied and let us have no more of these very painful scenes."

Christina sat down by the sewing-

machine. All her limbs were shaking. A moral earthquake had befallen her.

"I meant well," she stammered.

"We know that," Laurence answered from his lofty eminence of judgment, "but please never take my part against Lucilla."

Then with a certain justice that is more common in women than most of us believe, Lucilla spoke.

"Mrs. Travis took my part about the drawing-room," she said; "all that she has said is very true, and she is very wise, far wiser than you or I, Laurie. I know it."

Laurence sighed. A painful domestic scene had closed. He determined with cheerful bustle to push it out of sight.

"Come, baby," he said, "of course I give way about your cushions and photographs and china cats. Here, I'll nail up Mr. Tom Armstrong under the Gothic Archway, and we'll restore the cats among the Cantigalli ware."

He turned to look at Lucilla. She was sitting on the Chesterfield, her hands round her knees, rocking with laughter. "Laurence, Laurence, what a fool you are," she whispered.

"Why?"

"You are just like the king of France with forty thousand men, who first marched up the hill and then marched down again." But the saying was beyond Laurence, only Christina, tremulous and tearful at the sewing-machine heard and understood.

(To be continued.)

A PADRE IN EAST AFRICA.

Whether these reminiscences will ever reach the eye of a discriminating public depends in the main upon whether ink can be manufactured from permanganate of potash and water.

We have long passed the region where ink in the ordinary commercial sense is procurable, the longest fountain pen has long since run dry, but permanganate of potash in neat little wooden box-

es, we have, by a curious freak of fortune, almost in plenty. There are certain good ladies in East Africa, who periodically send us bags of comforts. Very few, unfortunately, reach us, but a few weeks ago a small consignment did turn up, and contained besides soap, tobacco, cigarettes, and acid drops the aforementioned boxes of permanganate. It is said to be a useful remedy for sore feet; it is also a cure for snake bites. It may possibly make ink, and it looks as though it would; a little brown perhaps, but distinctly inky in appearance; but, on the other hand, it may fade if the rains catch us before we get under cover, and if it does these reminiscences fade with it.

Strictly speaking they are not reminiscences, but rather records of actualities. Looked at from another point of view they are an attempt to escape from the boredom consequent on being confined all day (in the tropics) to a dug-out and its immediate vicinity. The Germanis, as we call them here, are only a few hundred yards away as I write, machine-gun "hates" may and do start at any moment day or night, and on such occasions it is unwise to be caught far from home.

We had long ago exhausted the last fragment of everything readable; the fruits of our deal with the Intelligence Office (a school copy of Daudet's "Le petit Chose," very much abbreviated, and with maddening connecting passages in German, in return for a very ancient *Royal Magazine*) has been read and reread, and there is really nothing else to do except write reminiscences; at least nothing else for the chaplain. The other members of the mess can draw maps and quarrel about them. The chaplain by his profession is denied even that relaxation. And so he writes reminiscences; no one can blame him, for no one is actually obliged to read them.

There is plenty to reminisce about,

for the war out here, though only one of the side-shows, is a very peculiar war indeed and fruitful in unrehearsed effects. The army to begin with is peculiar; its General is a lawyer by profession and writes K. C. among the letters after his name. The troops are the last word in heterogeneity. A walk through one of the camps is a study in ethnology, or might be if any of us had time or energy to make it. In a short excursion I made lately in search of the Madras Pioneers I passed from the lines of the South African Infantry, skirted Canadian M. T. section, asked my way at the Housas (West African Native Regiment), was smothered in dust by a passing squadron of Dutch South African Horse (Z. A. R. they bear on their shoulders, it stands for Zuid Afrikaanse Ruiters), admired from a distance two enormous naval guns in charge of a section of Marines, and arrived by way of the Baluchis at my destination. Even this list far from exhausts the peculiarities of even this particular camp. There were Rhodesians across the river, also some Royal Fusiliers, and a detachment of the Loyal North Lanes. There were several detachments of the King's African Rifles (native troops whose praise is in all men's mouths), and at least half a dozen units of the Indian army; truly an Imperial force if ever there was one.

The M. T. Company whose headquarters were at Kajiado were most of them Canadians; it really looked as if the War Office had determined that the whole Empire should be represented in the East African Army. I saw a good deal of them, as many of the men were members of my flock, and on one occasion made a trip to Longido under their guidance. I must say they had a pretty stiff time, living most of the day in choking dust, and piloting huge lorries over roads with which an English ploughed field would compare favorably as a thoroughfare. They are

not really roads at all, a good many of them, and differ only from the surrounding country in being free from grass and having no trees (though plenty of stumps) actually in the middle. Rivers and streams are crossed by drifts which look like mud rivers with perpendicular sides, and that a big lorry should ever get down, or having got down, should ever get up again seems incredible until you have seen it done. The importance of the work of the Motor Transport in the German East Campaign can hardly be exaggerated. It alone rendered possible the rapid advance and long flanking movements which drove the Germans south of the Central Railway in the span of a few months. When we were in camp on the Uganda river some 100 miles south of the Central Railway, and before the Central Railway was patched up and brought into use again, we were getting our supplies by motor transport from Kerougi on the Tanga line, a distance not far short of 250 miles.

I should like to write a book of short stories about the Mechanical Transport in East Africa, and would too, if I only knew more about motor-cars and their machinery. You have to introduce technicalities for that sort of thing, and my position at the moment of writing (we are struck on a sand-bank in the Zambesi River and seem likely to remain there for the duration) renders the acquisition of the necessary knowledge impossible. But the subject is a fascinating one, and only by fiction, which every one will read, will it be possible to make people understand the heroic labors of the M. T. A. S. C. Besides, the fiction of the war (excellent for the most part, and vastly superior to its poetry) has done but scant justice to this branch of the Service, and many people must have carried away the idea that the A. S. C. is mainly occupied in purloining strawberry jam. The only exception I can remember is

Mr. Boyd Cable's wonderful "Benevolent Neutral" in "Action Front."

My book would put all that right. "The Derelict" would make a capital title for one story. When a lorry breaks down and has to be left behind by the convoy its crew must stick to her until she is mended or can be towed in. A good situation alone by the roadside at night in a country crawling with lions or infested by Askari pickets. "The Land Mines" would do for another. I have twice been within ear-shot of road mine explosions, though the Germans were fortunately not so well supplied with them as they were in German West. "Cotton Soil" would make a third. The roads ran over stretches of cotton soil, soft black stuff over which the lorries had to be tenderly persuaded by bundles of reeds laid down before them and into which they often sank over the axles, and had to be unloaded and dug out. When the monument commemorating the war in German East is erected there will, of course, be representative figures of British, South African, Indian and African regiments at, I suppose, the four corners, but the whole of the pedestal should be ornamented by a frieze depicting the work of the M. T. A. S. C. For it was upon that work that the whole campaign was based. A scene rises in my memory of a solitary battered, dust-enshrouded lorry, piled high with biscuit boxes, struggling into a camp in the wilds at sunset when all hope of supplies, seeing the nature of the country behind, had well-nigh vanished. It was one of the few occasions on which I heard real cheering in East Africa.

The country too is peculiar, though its peculiarities are frequently lost sight of in the fact of its enormous size. It is its size which has made the work of conquering it such a tedious and heart-breaking business. You in Europe who read of General Smuts's

lightning strokes doubtless conjure up a picture of something swift and sudden, troops speeding stealthily through the darkness, forced marches of cavalry tearing across country at the gallop, and so on. But the reality is very different. The lightning strokes (and they are fully worthy of the name) are accomplished by columns of infantry crawling painfully through choking dust, hour after hour, day after day, week after week; frequently short of water, and on half or a quarter rations, often threatened by bush fires, generally separated by miles from their transport, and all possibilities of comfort. What it feels like to the man in the ranks, burdened with his heavy pack and his rifle, has been stated once for all by Mr. Kipling in his Boer War poem "Boots." To the man on horseback (or muleback to be accurate), whose line of sight is higher, it is not boots, but helmets, helmets battered out of shape by being used as pillows, helmets sagging patiently forward, beating time wearily as their owners jog painfully on.

Sometimes the line in front suggests a troop of firemen rushing, or rather crawling to the rescue, and that is when the dust is red, as it often is, and rises on all sides in flame-colored clouds. The throbbing line of helmets grows dim in the red mist, and the fierce heat overhead heightens the illusion of fire. Those are the red marches, only a little less terrible than the red marches of battle. For there is one thing that you must never do (I know this is a platitude, but a terrible platitude all the same), you must never touch your water-bottle, you must let the great heavy thing bump against you all day long, for if you touch it you are a lost man. We *may* get to water in the evening, but even if we do it is as likely as not in the hands of the enemy, and we shall have to "serap" for it. And if not in the enemy's hands it will probably

be a dried-up water-course fringed by beautiful fresh green trees, and containing everything a river should but water. To get water you must dig in the river bed, dig sometimes as deep as eight feet, and then the water will only appear as a slow muddy trickle and you must wait for hours, sometimes all night, before it is deep enough to ladle out and thin enough to drink. If you have a pump of course it is a simpler and speedier operation; but then the infantry never do have a pump: it would be much too heavy to carry, and our pack mules have as much as they can manage with the machine guns and ammunition. So it is advisable to have your water-bottle full for the evening halt, that you may not have to depend upon the river for your evening coffee (if there is any coffee). Besides, to drink in the heat of the day is fatal, as I said before. The wise men were those who secured some baobab-tree fruit, and chewed it on the way; but you must be a good shot to knock down a baobab-pod.

The red treks stand out most prominently in the memories of the last months, but there were white treks and green treks and gray treks and yellow treks, and what I may call "Birnam Wood" treks. About the white treks there was nothing remarkable; the dust was the white dust of England, only there was more of it; it was often a foot or so deep and it rose high up and hung in clouds above the column. The green treks were the rarest and also the pleasantest. They generally meant plenty of water, and also shade enough to take your helmet off. A sun helmet of the type supplied to the army, with its heavy brass knob and protector, becomes a terrible burden when it has to be worn all day; and if you let your hair grow too long it is not only a burden but a torment. The gray treks were really rather mauve than gray, and led either through rubber plantations or

through waterless mountains. The industrious German has spent enormous sums on rubber plantations; they stretch for mile after mile along the road, always the same, always symmetrically laid out and connected by paths and by-paths. The sense of order in these neatly arranged squares was so great that it would scarcely have surprised us to see a policeman standing at the corner, or to meet a nursemaid with a perambulator. Possibly such things were to be met with once, but the policeman and the perambulator have long since departed.

The yellow treks were on the whole the worst and most dangerous; fortunately they were also the least common. They led through plains of sun-dried grass, so dry and inflammable that a spark from a motor-cycle or a lighted cigarette-end was enough to start a blaze; and once started there was no stopping it until the dew came down at night. In extreme emergencies a fire-break had to be burnt, and the danger at all times, especially to the transport, was very great. The commencement of a fire was usually heralded by a puff of smoke rising above the trees like the smoke from a shell, and within a few minutes the flames would be on us, terrible flames sometimes as much as eighteen feet high. Even the most experienced and war-worn officers grew palpably uneasy at the approach of these fires, and their effect upon a new hand fresh from England may be imagined. Even in camp there was no rest; indeed in camp the danger was greatest. In spite of most stringent regulations fires were constantly breaking out, the native boys being the worst offenders. As each man had to do his own cooking the number of camp fires was very great, and the possibility of accidents multiplied. If the grass had been soaked in paraffin it could hardly have caught on with more violence. I saw myself a fire started by a motor

lorry, which within a quarter of an hour covered a line at least a mile long. It had got too far before attempts to beat it out were made. On another occasion I was within a few feet of one that started, and although at least a dozen of us were on it within a minute, beating for all we were worth with branches, it was ten minutes before we got it under. Fortunately there are no trees to speak of in this terrible country, and fortunately, too, we were fairly immune at night from sudden alarms, owing to the heavy dew. But at night the sky was often alight for miles with the glare of distant bush fires, and though we ourselves were in security, the knowledge that our transport, with its heavy wagons and long teams of mules, was somewhere out there did not add to our peace of mind. When in close touch with the thing the danger took a new and more threatening form, and on one occasion came very near to effecting a terrible disaster. But that is another story and needs a reminiscence all to itself. The analysis of the horror of a bush fire I work out as follows:

Sight 50 per cent; more when the flames are high and leap before a following wind.

Sound 35 per cent; there is something terribly menacing about the fierce crackle.

Heat 15 per cent; being only grass the heat is comparatively insignificant compared with the burning sun.

So much for the yellow treks and bush fires, though I feel I have not done them justice. There is a sort of cosmic element about them, a feeling that the world has turned against you, and that all your efforts must be vain. Old hands tell us that our fires are nothing to the Australian and Canadian bush fires, and that may well be. But it must be remembered that an army on the march is in a terribly exposed position in face of such visitations.

There remain to be described the "Birnam Wood" marches. On these occasions every soldier has torn down a bough or rather a branch, and failing that some grass, and sticks it in his helmet. This is done when the enemy are in the vicinity and the line of march is through thick bush, as it generally is. Besides presenting a less promising target for snipers, to have your helmet well concealed is a great help in taking cover. It is impossible to remove it even for a few moments without risk of sunstroke.

These Birnam Woods were usually rather nerve-trying performances, especially at the beginning. Sometime the grass would be so thick and high that it would be impossible to proceed except in single file, and some such reassuring order would come down from the Colonel in front as "Pass the word along to keep a sharp look out to the right," the right presenting at the moment an absolutely impenetrable wall of bush or grass. Yet they have seen something in front, or why this order? The leisurely pace at which we proceed gives the imagination ample time to work.

On one occasion I had the opportunity of testing the solidity of the wall at either side. We were trekking at the time through elephant grass, and along a narrow elephant track, when suddenly I discovered, after a halt, that I had left my tobacco behind. There are two things that you may never ask for on a march, and one of them is tobacco. The loss of a nearly full bag of Boer tobacco is a calamity the immensity of which you must be a few hundred miles from the nearest tobacco shop rightly to realize. Immediate return was the only course, and accordingly I abandoned my little mule to a native boy, and plunged into the grass; the path was so narrow that there was no possibility of retreat that way. But in a few moments I found that the

grass was equally impossible, it was like fighting with slender steel rods that tripped you up and cut at you from every direction, and made progress not slow but impossible. At last by waiting for favorable openings I managed to wriggle back along the track itself, and in the end found my precious bag unappropriated. It was fortunately lying well concealed behind a tree.

My dugout is now two feet deeper. Experts agree that the Germans have a machine gun trained on our dug-out, and when the "hates" do come we get the full benefit. We are so deep down now that only a ricochet could get us, but if the Intelligence has any truth in it they certainly have guns, though they have not fired them yet. Meanwhile we play a complicated game at spelling in the afternoons and Bridge in the evenings, suffering horribly from cramp, especially the long-legged ones.

We are a Headquarters Mess and so we are privileged to a light at night. Everyone else must extinguish all fires and lights of every description, but Brigade and Regimental Headquarters may, and indeed must, keep a light burning, so as to be found in case of necessity. Even with these two guiding beacons the task of finding one's way about the camp at night is a formidable one, and it is a standing marvel to me how the orderlies manage it. On the few occasions on which I have ventured out I have invariably been lost within the first few minutes. I could write an interesting essay on the subject of being lost. If you camp in the middle of thick bush or grass the result is to form a labyrinth—little encampments connected by narrow passages from which you can see nothing. I spent half an hour once looking for the Doctor who was all the time a few yards from me. On another occasion I was returning at night from the hospital to Headquarters, a distance of only fifty yards or

so, and I had taken careful bearings, and there was a guiding road to be crossed. I found at the end of ten minutes that where by every law human and divine Headquarters should have been was a herd of mules. On one occasion I lost the whole regiment and galloped for a mile straight into the German lines. The regiment had turned off the road into the bush, marching in single file, and I had not noticed the very narrow opening by which they had gone.

Rations have not been too plentiful, but the timely discovery of a herd of hippopotamus has tided over the immediate difficulty. The hippo is as easy to shoot as a cow, and if well cooked is difficult to distinguish from beef. We are having stewed hippo for lunch today.

At or near Buiko, about halfway down the line, the German army had broken away from the line across country to the southwest, our columns following them and giving them no rest. They had once or twice attempted to make a stand and some sharp scraps had taken place, always with the same result, the Germans after a few hours' fighting retreating, generally under cover of darkness. The country being for the most part covered with thick bush and elephant grass made escape comparatively easy.

This advance and retreat had continued until the line of the Nguru Mountains was reached. These mountains are for the most part of no very great height, but cover a good deal of ground and present a very formidable obstacle to the invader. The road to Morogoro and the Central line pass through the heart of them, and on heights dominating the pass the Germans had taken up a strongly entrenched position. They had further brought up two big 4-1 naval guns salvaged from the *Konigsberg*, and also

an 88-millimetre gun. And here for some weeks, our advance, which had been practically continuous since the end of the rains, was brought to a standstill, shortage of supplies obliging us to wait till the transport could catch up a little.

The camp in which the bulk of our forces, apart from the cavalry, was contained was a large one, the perimeter extending for about four miles. It was a rather picturesque camp, covering a tangle of hills varying in size from one quite dignified peak to the humblest rise, and many of these hills were covered thinly with trees, like an English orchard. Indeed, the whole landscape had a very English look, as was often the case in German East, what we are accustomed to think of as distinctively tropical vegetation being conspicuously absent. It was a green camp, not shady, for the foliage was too thin to give much shade, but distinctly green. It looked straight towards the mountains, and they too were green, of a darker hue, a fresh-looking wall of foliage. But for the fact that these unpleasant big guns were concealed among their forests, the mountain view would have given unalloyed pleasure. As a matter of fact, the only time we viewed the mountains with any satisfaction was when our aeroplanes were dropping bombs on them. Then we knew they would be quiet for a time, otherwise they were liable at any moment of the day or night to emit a distant savage grunt, and then in a second or two, with a whistle and an ear-splitting roar, one or two of their big high-explosive shells would arrive and try to blow somebody or something to pieces. As they had held our camp previous to our arrival they knew the range to a nicety, and they distributed their favors so impartially that, after one or two shells had fallen in your particular lines, you might be pretty sure that you had your dose and that the next would be for

someone else. Altogether they put some 700 shells into the camp while we stayed there, and did on the whole extraordinarily little damage. The camp contained a motor-lorry park, several batteries of artillery, a bigish supply depot, and a great many animals so that, on the whole, we may consider ourselves to have been fortunate. Thank Heaven they had no shrapnel.

One rather humiliating feature in the situation was that to this continual and vexatious bombardment we were unable to make any reply, except when it pleased the aeroplanes to come over and drop a few bombs. None of our guns were of sufficient range to get at the mountain positions, so that when the shelling began we had to scuttle to our holes and lie doggo till it was over; a sad change for our victorious army.

My mess associates, in spite of their exalted rank, were exceedingly pleasant companions, and with the Colonel in particular, once my natural awe had subsided a little, I spent many pleasant hours in reconstructing poems from memory. We managed between us to do a good many of Wordsworth's sonnets, the greater part of the "Spanish Armada" (I am looking forward to the time when I can fill up the hiatuses), and other masterpieces of literature. The Colonel was, besides, a magnificent raconteur, and enlivened our numerous and compulsory sojourns underground with selections from his extensive repertoire. He was, I believe, the author of the famous—at least it ought to be famous—description of a certain important commercial center as the "City of Dreadful Knights." The intelligent reader will judge from this that our hours in the dungeon were not by any means as dull as they might appear to have been.

The situation was besides not without its milder humors. There was the enthusiastic young R. A. M. C. of-

ficer who insisted on holding an inspection of latrines while a particularly furious strafe was in progress. There were the comments of one of the regimental humorists, who from an adjoining dugout poured forth a stream of satire, not very subtle, perhaps, but refreshing under the circumstances. There were the regimental monkey's unavailing efforts to take cover behind a tent pole. But, on the whole, the rank and file found it worrying; the guns even when they did no damage made a horrid noise, and there was always the humiliating fact that we could make no adequate reply. The aeroplanes only came at intervals of a few days, and there were generally only two or three and they could not drop very many bombs. I am told that the Germans had the most wonderful underground places of refuge to which they could retire, and I don't suppose it did them much harm beyond frightening their Askaris, who were terrified by the birds who laid the explosive eggs. In German West the enemy had been well supplied with aeroplanes, but here they had none at all.

Speculation was of course rife as to how the situation would develop, and plans for storming the position were often discussed. But it was a very strong position indeed, and certainly could not be taken without considerable loss of life. When you have been in camp a certain time it always feels—at least it does to me—as though it were going to last forever, and it gave me quite a shock when, on waking up one morning, I heard the Colonel giving directions for moving the regiment that day. Shell Camp and the life there to which we had grown so accustomed suddenly stopped short.

It very soon leaked out that we were not going forward but going back, and the difficulty immediately ahead was that of getting out of the camp. As I have said, there was a river at the back

to be crossed, and this river with its bridge was within range of the German guns. Fortunately for us it was a very misty day, and the observation post which the enemy had established on one of the highest points of the mountain range was out of action. This is probably the explanation of our good luck in getting away without a shot being fired. It was very good luck indeed, for the whole brigade moved out with their transport in wagons, each drawn by ten mules, and forming an excellent target. Probably owing to the thickness of the weather the mid-day strafe was omitted for once, though in the evening it began again as usual. But by that time of course the whole column was well on its way, not a little cheered by the ineffectual barking of Conny in the distance.

This day of leaving Shell Camp was memorable to me for another reason—it was the day on which I was introduced to my dear and faithful friend Mary Abyssinia. Though in the pride of my heart I twice rejected her for nobler equine mounts (she was a mule, by the way, or rather a jennet), I always had to come back to Mary, and she never once failed me. She had only once in her long career of usefulness shown any temper, and that was when the Transport officer to whom she then belonged had touched her with his spurs. That was too much for Mary, conscious as she must have been of the rectitude of her intentions, and she promptly ejected him in front of the whole regiment. She could canter like a rocking-chair and trot quite a comfortable trot, and her walk was the gliding of a billiard ball over a good table. She was beautiful as she was good, a little inclined to embonpoint, but that is an advantage on trek. Everybody loved Mary and envied her owner, as well they might. While horses were falling sick and dying by

the dozen, Mary flourished like a green bay tree, which may have been due to her habit of taking refreshment on every possible occasion. In the pauses of climbing the very stiffest mountains, Mary would manage to snatch a snack. She had been a sort of ecclesiastical institution since the transport discarded her, and I inherited her from my predecessor, the Scotch padre. I fear we shall never meet again, as circumstances entirely beyond my control obliged me, after months of journeying together and many adventures, to leave her behind when we moved to a new scene of operations. There was a great deal of competition as to who should get her, and in the end the prize fell to a young Intelligence officer who promised me to love and cherish her. I miss her sadly and never more so than at the moment of writing, when I am faced by the prospect of a ninety-mile trek over mountains and on my own two feet.

We outspanned at nightfall, still little more than a mile from our starting point, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could by the roadside. We managed to raise one blanket and one waterproof sheet between us, and with our saddles for pillows were fairly snug. It was the first time I had slept on the ground in East Africa, for up till now I had always had my camp bed, and I was greatly exercised in mind at the thought of snakes. A few days before, at Shell Camp, we had had a nocturnal visit from a python, which went crawling over the dugouts and giving the men a creepy experience. Those that saw it described it as of enormous size, but in the darkness it escaped unharmed. My companion treated my fears in a very frivolous spirit, and to soothe me (I suppose) sang from beneath our common blanket a number of amorous ballads, for besides being a quartermaster and an engineer he was a vocalist of great

power and perseverance. I thought it very imprudent, for snakes are notoriously fond of music, and there must have been plenty of them in the ground behind us, and I felt very uneasy, as he went on warbling that he lost his heart in loveland, and other inappropriate sentiments. Still nothing untoward happened, though for a long time after the concert had ceased I lay listening fearfully for the dreaded rustle in the grass, and presently I went to sleep in spite of it.

Snakes had loomed very large in my imagination among the possible drawbacks to war in East Africa, for I have always had an unspeakable horror of the beastly things. In the event, however, I found they gave us little trouble, and I gradually fell into the prevalent fashion of ignoring their existence. I even slept once for a whole week in a banda with the knowledge that there was a snake in the wall of it. We only once caught sight of the creature and were never able to catch it, but at night we could hear it moving about distinctly. One of our officers claimed to be a snake-charmer, and caused a little sensation on one occasion by coming into the mess holding an enormous cobra by the tail. He was quite indignant with me when I asked him afterwards if he had killed it. He said nothing would induce him to kill a snake under any circumstances, so that evidently there are points of view on the matter. I killed a snake myself, later on, but as it was a very, very small one I did not boast about it.

In no respect was the contrast between France and East Africa more striking than in the medical department. In France it is as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it. In my own case my wound was dressed and I was given the anti-tetanus injection within ten minutes of being hurt. I was taken to the Clearing Sta-

tion that evening, and ten days later had been X-rayed and operated on at the Base Hospital. Bad cases were brought down by canal boat without even the jerking of a hospital train. The Base Hospital in my case was at Rouen, and the journey home to England was made by water the whole way, the hospital ships coming down the Seine.

Such perfection was, of course, impossible in East Africa, owing in the first place to the enormous length of the line of communication, and to the fact that it was largely made by motor transports over very bad roads. There were not enough motor ambulances to deal with the numbers of sick and wounded, and the journey had often enough to be made in open lorries exposed to the full glare of the sun. The jolting in a motor ambulance even was bad enough; the sufferings of the men in ordinary lorries were simply terrible. I do not suppose any one was to blame; the armies were moving forward so rapidly, the difficulties of transport were so immense, that it was quite likely impossible to get up the petrol necessary for an adequate fleet of ambulances. The base hospitals were all that such institutions should be, with adequate equipment and staffs of devoted nurses, but, at least at one period of the war, they were a long, long way from the front, so that it was impossible to send really bad cases back, and the clearing stations had, to a large extent, to do their work.

We have supped fairly full of horrors the last year or two, and I have no wish to add to them unnecessarily. But East Africa is a long way from England, and it is only right that the Mother Country should know a little at least of what her sons out here suffered. All field hospitals after an action are pretty bad, but here we had in addition the heat and the flies and the

terrible soldier ants; the place reeked with the stench of dead horses, and the baboons chattered unceasingly from the wood only a few feet away. And the future held out no hope of a speedy relief, but an endless and agonizing journey on stretchers. Miles of wild mountain lay behind and miles in front.

But it was to the Field Ambulances that the most impossible task of all was assigned, the task of keeping in touch with the army in the field and dealing with its casualties and sick. For a considerable portion of the advance the way led across a barren and mountainous district, where no wheeled traffic of any sort could follow, and the ambulance had to leave all its motors behind and all its medical comforts that could not be transported by mules or native carriers. And the road, or rather path, was so bad that even mules had sometimes to be hauled up the hills by ropes. It can be no secret now, I think, that the amount of sickness in the European regiments during the advance was very great; men were dropping out every day and "waiting for the ambulance," and when the ambulance came along, all it could do was to persuade them to get up and struggle on, and at intervals to run up temporary hospitals—some sort of roof and shelter against the pitiless sun was all that was possible—and to leave the worst cases there in charge of an N. C. O. until help could be sent or the patients were strong enough to travel again. Quinine and tinned milk were the principal comforts, and the position of these men in "hospital" was far from luxurious, and indeed sometimes not very safe. I knew one R. A. M. C. officer—also a fellow traveler from England—who had his ambulance rushed by German Askaris, and only saved himself and his sick by getting them into the bush. They had to spend the night there, and the doctor caught

fever, and altogether things were in a bad way.

On the night of my arrival at Handini, I was disturbed, soon after turning in, by a loud report. Rumors of Askaris in the neighborhood had been rife during the day, and I thought at first that something might be going to happen. Nothing did, however, and I went to sleep, and heard next morning that a motor ambulance, on its way to Luki Gura (where the division was) had struck a road mine, and that the driver had been killed. He was brought in, in the course of the day, and buried with full military honors. His had been the third car in the convoy, the first two having passed the mine safely. It is quite extraordinary how much luck there is in the matter of these mines; a whole brigade has been known to pass over one safely, and the mine to be fired by almost the last man. There is really no perfect way of dealing with road mines, for even if you drive a herd of cattle in front of the column, as is sometimes done, the freakishness of the thing may prevent its going off, while it is next door to impossible to discover when it has been laid on a dusty road. Fortunately, the Germans were not so well provided with mines here as in German West, and fortunately, too, our champion scout caught their champion mine-layer about this time; at least there was a widespread rumor to that effect.

One day I was walking at the head of the column with the C. O. We were all feeling cheerful at the prospect of water, and all the blessings it brings with it, and the country though parched and covered for the most part with gray sapless trees and thorn bushes, was doing its best to look nice, when suddenly our contentment was rudely dispelled by the sound of a loud explosion. We thought at first we were being shelled, and if that were so we were in a bad way, for the road ran

under a line of low hills. But almost immediately the word was passed up that our rear-guard had struck a road mine. I went back at once and found a horrible state of things—a hole in the road, two men and a mule horribly mutilated, and several wounded. The doctors were doing their best with one of the wounded men, but the other was beyond their help, and died in my arms a few minutes after I got there. The other died within half an hour, and we buried them both in the same grave. They were two young South African Dutchmen, and I read over them such

The Cornhill Magazine.

prayers as I thought we should use in common. . . . We piled up as big a heap of stones as we could make, and the ambulance sergeant fixed a board with their names and numbers, and then we left them in a very lonely place. But some day, I take it, when the Great South Africa of which we dream is a reality, when the union of the races is complete, and the old accursed hatred all forgotten, someone from a greater Union will pass that way, and see and know, as we can but believe and guess, the meaning of that lonely grave among the hills.

R. G.

UNDESIGNED EXPERIMENTS.

Man has been performing in all ages certain effective experiments with living things after the manner of the Man with the Muck-rake in Bunyan's parable. Intent upon immediate values and reaching them by empirical methods, while unaware of their hidden meaning, he has been the active agent in many experiments which have, on the one hand, fortified some existing doctrine, and, on the other, have led up to certain new discoveries. Such experiments as these are indirect, and not controlled by the exact and calculated rigor of modern direct experiments, which are the breath of life to science, but, such as they are, they stand out for us to interpret them. Here there is a necessary absence of any desire to prove a point, and whether their evidence be of small or great value, it is unimpeachable. They have needed the lifetime of many generations of men, and these died in ignorance of their value and "received not the promise." Few of the human agents employed were men of scientific mind, but they builded better than they knew, and some of them have demonstrated a truth which

was little in accordance with their desires. As we look into these rough experiments we cannot but ask ourselves: "Are we not today experimenting as active agents "on some living things of whose existence we know not, are we perhaps building up some doctrine which awaits its Pasteur"? The experiments here described are doubtless crude and simple, but are not without intellectual value to one who considers the subject-matter *from the point of view of experiment*.

Micro-organisms.—Man has been happily called by Sir E. Ray Lankester the "insurgent son" of Nature, and he has fought a stubborn fight sometimes against and sometimes in alliance with the microscopic hosts of earth, air, and water, careless as Harry Smith of the Wynd of the deeper issues at stake, and his conquests have been not unlike those of the British race, who are said to have colonized a third of the globe in a fit of absence of mind. With what success he has handled for his own purposes these myriads of the infinitely little! How he has checked their

putrefactive action when he embalmed his Pharaohs and wrapped them in multiple folds of linen in the dry soil and climate of Egypt, preserving the very form and features of a Rameses the Second! How he has watched the gigantic mammoth being disinterred from the icy soil of the Siberian tundra, where it had lain in "cold storage" for thousands of years, and has even eaten of its flesh preserved by the cold from the putrefactive bacteria! How the housewife of a hundred years ago has boiled her fruit, destroying its contained bacteria, and has excluded others by the crude covering of her jam-pot, all unconscious of the science of her procedure! How man has ripened his cheeses, and cultivated certain useful bacteria, some for his Stiltons, some for his Gloucesters, and others for his Wensleydales! And how he has learned to tame certain others for the making of his different kinds of tobacco! How the Hebrews of old excluded from their Passover bread the *toralas* of yeast, unaware of their existence in that leaven which was to them a type of evil! With what shrewd practical knowledge, though blind as to its scientific value, the well-known Citizen Appert acquired his fame during the stormy days of the French Revolution for his secret methods of preserving many articles of food, heating them to certain special temperatures so successfully that in 1811 he attracted the notice of the Minister of the Interior and of the Academy of Science, whose Pasteur was yet unborn! Again, man has found out from the days of his early childhood and in nearly all countries, that if he put in water certain saccharine substances, such as the juices of fruits, and exposed them freely to the air in moderate warmth, or if he steeped malted barley in hot water, a certain fermentation took place, resulting in the formation of

what he began to call "spirit," so that, as Huxley says, "thus it has come about that we use the same word for the soul of man and for a glass of gin." But in spite of the great and long experience of man in the making of intoxicating drinks, brewing and wine-making never went beyond the stage of art until the researches of Pasteur embodied in his great work, *Etudes sur le Vin*, in 1866, turned it into a young and vigorous branch of science. The chief authority in England on scientific brewing, Dr. Horace Brown, has well pointed out that Pasteur's countrymen showed that *they*, at any rate, understood the logical order and coherence of his discoveries, in the form of that inscription which adorns his tomb in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, where "we find inscribed in due chronological order all the links in the unbroken chain of his achievements, including *Etudes sur le Vin* and the *Etudes sur la Biere*, which immediately *precede* (my italics) the record of his work in infectious diseases, vaccines, and hydrophobia." Who would not rather have to his credit the opening of that New World by Pasteur in 1866 than that of Columbus in 1492? From Pasteur to Lister was but a step in the foundation of the germ-theory of disease and its beneficent application to surgery, and it was by this method of analogy that Lister, working on Pasteur's bases, gave his great boon to mankind. Everlasting honor be to these two great men! Dr. Horace Brown says of Pasteur what one may legitimately apply to man himself in his undersigned experiments: "He was like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a Kingdom." It is, indeed, fair to claim, and this fortunately cannot be contradicted, that if man had never learned in brewing and wine-making how to tame, coerce, and employ those

micro-organisms of which he knew nothing, the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister would never have been made.

It must also be remembered that if, in 1873, Huxley could deliver the funeral oration of the doctrine of spontaneous generation in the words, "So much for the history of the progress of Redi's great doctrine of Biogenesis, which appears to me, with the limitations I have expressed, to be victorious along the whole line today"—if this could be said and never again seriously assailed, it is to the work of Pasteur that the supremely important death of this doctrine is due—another outcome of undesigned experiments!

Puerperal Fever was once the opprobrium of medicine, but is such no longer. Its story is one of needless deaths of multitudes of victims in Lying-in Hospitals, of heroism on the part of one man and shameful opposition to him on the part of many. Thus was the experiment carried out. This deadly disease was entirely misunderstood by the medical profession before 1843, when the humane Semmelweiss gave his serious attention to its cause, then vaguely attributed to atmospheric or epidemic influences, or, indeed, anything but the true cause. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at about the same time, and Dr. Robert Gordon, in 1795, had expressed their opinions that the cause of the disease was infection from without, but nothing was done to prove this opinion or carry it any further until Semmelweiss was appalled and arrested by the mortality which he saw going on in a great Lying-in Hospital in Vienna. Today, the mortality in such hospitals is one to two in 1,000. What was it in those days in Berlin? Anything from 10 per cent to 100 per cent, and in Vienna it seldom fell below 10 per cent, rising in bad times to 60 and 75 per cent—and this in

healthy young women, who went into that great house of doom to be "delivered," and who were delivered, but to their death. Now comes the experiment, a veritable experiment of the Finger Post, as the logicians have it, which was being carried out before the only man who had eyes to see and heart to read its meaning. There were two classes of patients in this hospital, one of which was attended by women only, and the other by medical students who came straight from the surgical wards, the dissecting rooms, and the dead house. The difference between the two classes of patients as to rate of mortality was so striking that it arrested the mind of Semmelweiss, and he boldly denounced the attendance of the students as the chief cause of the mortality in their wards. Bravely and alone he attacked the medical forces securely entrenched and strongly supported. He was persecuted by them even to his death in an asylum, but, for the generation of the mothers of his day, his victory was won and his triumph is enduring and great. Thus, twenty years before the work of Pasteur, were those medical students and their supporters carrying on a grim experiment with pathogenic bacteria until Semmelweiss appeared to read the writing to our great profit.

Vaccination is the outcome of another unconscious experiment with bacteria. The disease vaccinia, or cowpox, is an eruptive disease of the cow, only found in heifers, and only on the teats. It develops at intervals in herds of cows, and is always associated with milking. It is the result of irritation of the teats which are themselves the subject of a small and comparatively harmless vesicle. This repeated manipulation of the teats converts a simple specific eruption, and eventually the disease cowpox may be communicated to the whole herd. Man may be said to have made cowpox as a by-

product of his domestication and use of the cow. In this unconscious and daily experiment of the milkers the ground was being prepared for the important discovery announced in 1798 by Jenner, a West of England country practitioner and friend of John Hunter, that persons inoculated by accident with the virus of this animal disease became immune to smallpox. While medical science has been carrying on the proof of Jenner's work so that by vaccination he has nearly got rid of smallpox, certain individual men and towns have been making some dangerous experiments of the kind here dealt with, and have provided excellent though painful evidence of the value of vaccination, by refusing its aid and thus carefully preparing limited outbreaks of a once-dreaded scourge. Several years ago you could take out a license to propagate small-pox for the small sum of twenty shillings, but under later legislation you have to declare yourself one of those "conscientious objectors," who seem in another sphere to be unpopular today, and do not pay anything. Whether the cost of a "conscientious objection" to vaccination is supposed to be well calculated at twenty shillings, it is difficult to say. The price is a small one either way for so large a license. We can, at any rate, see that the long-continued and unwitting action of the milkers of cows have constituted a valuable, indeed *essential*, experiment for the enlightenment of Jenner and the benefit of mankind.

Homœopathy is an honest delusion supported by many able men who have mostly been of non-scientific mind. During the early part of the nineteenth century a German physician named Hahnemann introduced into the teaching of therapeutics a certain law which he summed-up in the words, *similia similibus curantur* ("Let like

be cured by like"), basing his teaching and practice on numerous experiments on healthy persons by "provings" of drugs. He announced a general principle for treating disease, that the remedy for a disease is that drug which, given to a healthy person, will produce in him the most nearly perfect imitation of his group of symptoms. This was followed by the theory of attenuation of doses until such incredibly small quantities were given that the strict homœopathic treatment became a valuable undersigned experiment in favor of the *vis medicatrix naturæ* as a powerful factor in every "cure" of disease performed by them, and incidentally of the power of suggestion. It has been said that the extreme exponents of Hahnemann's teaching, the "high-dilution men," gave doses whose strength was equivalent to that of a wineglassful of the water taken from the Sea of Marmora, an ounce of Epsom salts having been mixed with that of the Black Sea. It was an integral part of his system that drugs are unfailing remedies for disease, being, as was held, provided for this purpose by the Almighty. For my part I am persuaded that homœopaths "cured" their patients very well, being themselves usually intelligent men of genial and hopeful personality, who paid great attention to nursing, diet, and general hygiene, which (alas! for their scientific value) by their very excellence reduced greatly the evidential value of those stubborn facts of their cures, attributed by them to their infinitesimal drugs. Is there anything which may so mislead us as "facts"? Hahnemann was in another way a benefactor to the public and to current medical opinion, for if his drugs did not cure he and his drugs did not kill *secundum artem* with that facility which was the mark of much medical treatment in his day. The very

charge he made against the defensive mechanisms of the animal body was never better refuted than by himself and his enthusiastic followers; while they thought they were curing disease with their little drugs they were unconsciously adding stone to stone in the building of the fabric of the modern knowledge of immunity—to the greater glory of Nature. I think I may claim here to have illustrated clearly what an undesigned experiment is.

Mutilations have been the delight of savages in all ages, and modern men have practised them on their own bodies and those of their domesticated animals for a long period of time. They have knocked out their front teeth, bored large holes in their ears and noses, and have practised the rite of circumcision for several thousand years. They have cut the ears and tails of dogs and cats, and have gelded their horses, and thus have been unconsciously bringing together a mass of evidence as to the great and disputed doctrine of Lamarck, that acquired characters are inherited. They knew nothing of the long and stubborn contest between the extreme followers of Darwin called neo-Darwinians, and the moderate followers of Lamarck called neo-Lamarckians. It is a singular fact that this dispute about facts, which oceans of ink will not alter, has always seemed, like certain chemical substances, to require heat for its solution. It should not be so, for "things are what they are," and so on. What, then, have these old-fashioned mutilations taught us in this controversy? Just what the neo-Lamarckian would expect, whatever his adversary might wish him to appear to expect—viz., that such momentary and acute stimuli as are involved in these mutilations, seldom, if ever, lead to inherited characters, as they are loosely called. The evidence, then, of these prolonged

experiments is negative and in keeping with what both sides in the controversy would expect, and any large mass of evidence, even of the negative order, is not without value. We have been taught by them what *not* to expect, and to look elsewhere for positive evidence. One is reminded by them of a remark made by Wellington early in his career, to the effect that a certain unfortunate expedition in Flanders had at least taught him how such matters should not be conducted.

The Use of Harness on Horses.—We have become so much accustomed to the sight of domestic horses with some kind of harness on them that when we see one being led along the street with no other harness than a halter we almost feel a shock. The use of harness is many thousands of years old, and all this time man, who has been employing harness for his own purposes, has been making a very definite and prolonged experiment on this his best of animal friends, an experiment closely allied to, but more significant than, the mutilations I have mentioned. Here is a form of artificial friction applied constantly through perhaps a third part of the whole life of a horse, and from the point of view of experiment it ought to produce some visible effects. I will show that it has done this, and very definitely affected certain patterns which are found on the hairy coat of a horse. It must be pointed out that the hair of an animal is not a rigid stationary structure. It grows at a certain rate all through the life of its possessor, and its length is determined by the needs and habits of the species. Each individual hair starts from a papilla at the bottom of a tiny pit in the skin, and is pushed out by the force of growth *in the line of least resistance* at the rate of one inch in two months. This line of least resistance is equiva-

lent to the *direction* of the hair, and over the greater part of each animal's body the course taken by the hair is from the head backward to the tail, and from the body to the ends of the limbs in the simpler long-bodied class of mammals, such as an otter, rat, or cat. But this simple slope becomes greatly modified in higher animals of a more complex form, such as a cow or a horse, and the varieties of its slope or direction are numerous. Besides this general fact, many animals display their own peculiar patterns in certain regions. These all have some definite mechanical reasons for their form, and are associated with the habits of life of the animal possessing them. Now some very well-marked patterns are produced in a certain number of horses by the reversed friction of harness in regions where no other such forces are acting. During the examination of several thousands of horses I have noted nine different regions where patterns such as *reversed areas*, *whorls*, or *featherings* are found. Of these none are proved to be inherited, as far as my present observation goes, except one—viz., the ventral or under surface of the neck. Here the *normal* slope of hair is uniform and smooth, and no attempt at a pattern is present. But in a very large proportion of draught horses I have found that this normal, simple arrangement is being modified by the constant jolting of the lower portion of the collar, so that the friction *against* the current of hair is tending to produce many degrees of

The Contemporary Review.

change of slope. Out of 749 horses that I examined for this particular point, I found 338 with the normal smooth slope, and 411 with some degree of the pattern produced by the friction of the collar. This result might not be very convincing to the stalwart neo-Darwinian, but the evidential value has been carried further than this, for I have examined certain very young foals still being suckled by their mothers, and, of course, innocent themselves of any harness, and in all these but one there was definite evidence of the presence of these patterns produced by the friction of the harness worn by their ancestors. This again will be called by the adversary a small result. Well, a straw is a small thing, but it shows the way the wind blows, and this evidence cannot be dismissed by the neo-Darwinian, who has swallowed whole the doctrines of Weismann, for here is a "character" inherited of just that kind that he has been asking us to produce for a generation or so. It is for him to square it with Weismann's sweeping doctrine.

The sum of the matter is that a few undesigned experiments by man have taught or fortified the doctrines of the germ-theory of disease, the septic origin of puerperal fever, the doctrine of biogenesis, the value of the *vis medicatrix naturae*, of suggestion as an aid to medicine, and has produced two contributions, one negative and the other positive, towards the controversy as to whether or not acquired character can be inherited.

Walter Kidd.

"THE CITY OF DREAMS."

(Concluded.)

One bright clear morning in December, a ragged native urchin was holding a pony outside the entrance to the

Bibi Makbara, near Aurangabad, a small cantonment in the Deccan.

The "Lady's Tomb," as the title

means, a smaller edition of the famous Taj Mahal at Agra, is built over the grave of Rabia-ud-Durrani, wife of Aurangzebe, sometime viceroy of the Deccan and afterwards Emperor of India. The Taj, however, is generally spoiled by a crowd of sightseers, whereas the Makbara, being situated in an out of the way corner of India, somewhat off the cosmopolitan globe-trotter's track, is nearly always deserted except for the wheeling pigeons and the village women who come to scatter rose leaves and hang glass bangles over the "Lady's" grave.

There is an air of peace about the garden which is altogether in keeping, and the whole place, with its dazzling white walls, its marble water slides among the dark cypresses, and its fountain basins amid the heavy-scented yellow roses, seems a perfect setting for the tomb of a dearly loved woman.

There are no long flowery epitaphs, not a word engraved anywhere to tell you who rests there, and if you want to know you must ask the villagers around, or else the old Mussalmani beggar woman who sits at the gate all day.

As Eldred Ward, coming out of the high arched gateway, dropped a coin in the old lady's hand, and turned again for a last glimpse down the vista of cool terraced walks among the hushed quiet of the rose gardens, backed by the superb simplicity of the white dome and the graceful minarets, it seemed to him something almost supernatural in its white purity.

The four soaring minarets, tapering into the vivid blue vault of the Indian sky, seemed designed to raise the mind from the low dust of earth to some higher plane, and he thought that if ever a tomb showed a keen sense of the certainty of a hereafter it was this tomb of a woman of alien creed. Surely the man who built it

over his wife's grave must have looked forward with joyous certainty to another meeting, only slightly deferred.

He mounted his pony and rode back through the little village of Begampur, with its mud houses nestling against the tumbled ruins of palaces, with here and there built into them beautiful old carved beams from princely mansions long since deserted. In the spacious courtyards, which you could just trace by the debris of the old walls, and on the grass-grown plinths of halls once thronged with all the rank and fashion of the Deccan's capitol, browsed little flocks of goats and great lumbering buffaloes.

Invalided from Africa some months after Smith's death, he had now been passed fit for light duty, and having spent much of his leisure time while a subaltern in acquiring a better knowledge of one or two of the vernaculars, found himself employed on recruiting duty, supervising the work of the recruiting parties sent out by different Indian regiments.

Owing to the war certain new districts had been opened up for recruiting, and amongst them was the country around Aurangabad, where he had once been stationed in pre-war days. So, combining business with pleasure, he had arranged to spend ten days there and revisit some of his old haunts.

The time spent in Africa, combined with his own private sorrows, had left a graver expression on his face, and though there was still much of the old cheeriness, there was a slightly tired look in the eyes, a faint hardening of the lips, a certain wistfulness about the face which showed that the man had suffered much.

He had but few relations—in fact the only close one was the old aunt who had brought him up after his parents' deaths, which occurred when he was a child. The old lady herself

had died just before the war, and when Nan stopped writing, barring stray letters from friends, his last link with home had gone.

Only a month after Smith's death, he had received a letter from a friend in France recounting a week's glorious leave that he had just had at home:

Almost managed to forget the existence of the God-forsaken mud-pie of Flanders.

By the way, you remember that pretty girl, Miss Raynor, that you introduced me to one day in town? Well, I heard about her wedding which had taken place just before I got home. She's married a gunner called Allason, who was wounded rather badly Ypres way and is now at home. I've not met him, but they say he's a very good sort.

It had taken Ward some time to grasp the fact, and even when he had got over the first shock of it, somehow he had never been able to reopen that chapter of his life sufficiently even to write a few congratulatory words.

He had tried again and again to forget, but forgetfulness would not come; and strive as he might, he could not keep Nan out of his dreams, and the funny thing was that whenever he dreamed of her he would often dream of Smith as well.

Coming out of Begampura he reached the river where the road forks, one branch running through Jeswantpura to Aurangabad cantonment, while the other crossing the river enters the walled city.

He pulled up his pony and gazed across the bridge at the old stone walls which rose up on the farther side. They were topped with little flame-shaped crenelations, each pierced with a loophole, and between these were narrow slits for use of sword and spear when the foe should get to escalating distance where the clumsy loopholes gave small chance for the

even more clumsy matchlock ball to attain its mark.

At the head of the bridge was a great arched gateway, surmounted by two little pavilions with regular "chhatri" roofs, insignia of royalty throughout the East, which were supported on graceful stone pillars.

The river splashed and gurgled over the rocks in the hot sunshine below the mauve shadows of the old walls, above which showed clumps of dark green tree tops. A flight of green parrots swooped and flashed in the sun, their bright plumage gleaming against the intense blue which formed such a perfect background for the slender fretted stone pillars above the massive gate.

Beyond the hoarse cries of the parrots hardly a sound was to be heard except the murmur of the stream pouring along its rocky bed, and the gateway itself was absolutely deserted.

"Like the gateway of a city of dreams," murmured Ward as he gazed across the bridge, and straightway fell to dreaming, for despite his northern energy, at times he could dream with all the indolence that characterizes the dwellers of the sun-kissed southern lands.

He pictured to himself the gateway thronged with fighting men, echoing to the hoof-beats of chargers, to the clatter of steel, the clang of spear-butts, the gruff voices of soldiers as they passed out at daybreak, mouths muffled in a fold of the turban against the raw dawn air, filing away in the first morning light down the winding road until none were left save the brawny sentinels standing on the gate gazing after the troops.

He pictured them returning from a foray with loud shouts of triumph, saddle bows heavy with loots, shields and mail scarred and dented, and here and there a man swaying in the saddle

despite a comrade's arm as he clutched feebly at his crimson shawl which had been white at dawn.

Another picture rose before his eyes.

Troops of horse pouring over the bridge, lean, fierce, hawk-eyed swordsmen of the Deccan, proudest and most quarrelsome of all the southern moslems; their horses with heads reined into their chests, champing their foam-flecked bits as they curvet this way and that, shaking their manes, gay with tassels of floss, silk, and tinsel, only one degree less showy than the quilted saddles which vie with the rider's brocaded coats and embroidered sword-belts.

Behind them the slow swinging bulk of the great black elephants, their foreheads gaudy with paint, the big tuskers with spiked plates of iron on their heads to batter in fortress gateways, shuffling along with trunks swaying from side to side, their wicked little pigs' eyes looking down on the spearmen running below with painted lances decked with tassels of every hue.

The wind seemed to carry to his ears the blare of the horns, the roll of the drums, the shouts of the soldiers.

But see, in the center, the huge, great tusker, with the gilded howdah and the solitary figure enthroned in it, clad in plain rich white muslin dress, unrelieved save for the dazzling necklet of emeralds and the cluster of jewels which holds the aigrette in position on the small, tight turban.

Surely, the Emperor himself, Aurangzebe, "Adornment of the world," the "Great Puritan," as some call him. He sits with his hands on his jeweled tulwar hilt, watching the gay-costumed crowd along the walls, who come to see the brave show; but there is no sign of interest in the narrow, fanatical face—no returning salute to the low salaaming throng. Much of power and royalty, nothing of sympathy.

But suddenly his face lights up for the veriest fraction of a second, and then the mask descends again instantaneously—the impassive mask of dignity and state.

From the discreet screens which now surround the pavilions above the gate a shapely jeweled hand has just reached out to drop a handful of rose leaves as the elephant enters the gateway, and for a space there was something of tenderness in the usually hard face. Almost one caught a glimpse of another man beneath the surface.

Perhaps the owner of the dainty hand knew another side to the Emperor's character—that side which every man can show to the woman whom he loves, whatever face he turns to the world at large.

Ward's pony, impatient of standing still, began to fret, and called his master back to the present—to the empty, dusty bridge, the vacant gateway—and he realized that the hand which had dropped the rose leaves was only that of a little native girl throwing a handful of corn to the pigeons nesting below the pavilions on the gate.

Still, it was all strangely dreamy, and if he rode in' under the archway, would a laughing "Someone" lean over to throw him flowers? Would his own dear "Dream Princess" stoop over the parapet to call to him?

He pulled himself together sharply. What right had he to be thinking of her when she had slipped away forever from his elusive grasp, leaving only the bitter-sweet memories of what might have been? What business had he now with "Dream Princesses"?

He wheeled his pony round homewards and trotted back to breakfast through the more or less deserted cantonment, now occupied only by depots. The sight of a couple of women riding up towards the race course in the distance reminded him

that he ought to call on Mrs. Jones, the doctor's wife, whose plump figure he could recognize even at this range. Evidently she was showing the sights of Aurangabad to one of the visitors who he had heard were staying with her. Mrs. Jones was always good company, and although he had rather lost taste for women's society now, it would be nice to talk over the old times again, before life had all gone wrong.

After breakfast he settled down to a really busy day, interviewing recruiting parties, inspecting recruits, checking accounts, etc. until late in the evening, when he managed to find a moment to slip round and call on the Joneses. They were out, however, and so feeling that he had done his duty in calling on the only married people he knew in the place, he returned to the Dak bungalow. He found some letters forwarded on to him from Poona, and among them he noticed an official letter from the A. G.'s office at the base in East Africa. They could all wait until after dinner anyway so he bathed and dressed and had dinner, and then betook himself on to the veranda to the comfort of a long chair.

He ran through the letters, but there was nothing of interest until he came to the African one which he opened carelessly, and found it contained another letter, which he pulled out, and then sat still looking at the envelope, for on the back was Nan Raynor's dainty violet monogram. He turned it over, and on the front saw, partly pasted over his address, a typewritten slip:

Letter found with some other papers in a German safe on the occupation of Tabora. They were described as having been taken from the body of an English officer killed at Kigomani.

The letter was nearly slit open at one end, but otherwise the contents appeared intact.

So poor old Smith in his muddled way had mislaid one of his letters that day, mixed up with all the odds and ends in his haversack. Her letter, too, . . . the one evidently written to tell him about her engagement to Allason.

He sat there staring out into the moonlight, the letter clenched in his hand, unread. What had this letter come back for now, to tear open the old wound again, when everything was over beyond hope of repair?

Still he almost felt grateful that he had not received it before,—at least he had had a few more weeks of hope. Should he read this letter come back from the hand of its dead bearer? He knew what it would contain, of course—a final refusal, for it could be nothing else in view of her marriage only a few weeks later. Was it worth reading it now?

He stood up and looked out of the veranda. What glorious moonlight! Why shouldn't he go out to the Makbara tonight; he had never seen it by moonlight, and every one said how wonderful it was.

Now that the thing was over and the pain dulled somewhat, why not read her letter? It would be good to see her dear handwriting once more. After all, it didn't matter. He felt almost ashamed of giving into sentimental nonsense; but it *would* be nice to walk out to that dream garden and sit there a while in the cool friendly night and dream a little, and out there he could read her letter. Moonlight softens all it touches—perhaps it would soften down the harshness of the contents.

It was only half an hour's walk to the Makbara, and perhaps he mightn't get another chance of seeing it by moonlight before he left. This as an answer to the voice that kept on saying: "Don't be a sentimental ass; it's only a letter to say she was going to

marry Allason. Chuck it into the waste-paper basket."

He went into his room, filled his tobacco pouch, got his stick, and started off.

The Makbara gardens were certainly worth coming to by moonlight, he felt when he got there, and stood on the high stone plinth of the main building looking down on the gardens full of mysterious shadows, rendered even darker by the glint of the white stone terraces and the shimmer of moonlight on the water of the fountain basins. The white dome and minarets showed up against the misty background of the hills which lie behind the Makbara, making it look like some fairy palace. There was still that faint haziness in the air which is often characteristic of the early part of the Indian night, with the result that, while the moonlight showed up things close by with startling distinctness, objects a little farther off seemed vague and misty, giving an added ethereal touch to the scene.

At the back of the building are more rose walks, and going down he found a little stone seat, partly under the shadow of some thick trees at a corner of the building, where he sat down and lit his pipe.

He pulled out the letter and looked at the address again. Yes, the handwriting was like hers, wasn't it? Nobody but Nan wrote like that—clear, firm, decisive, and yet with funny little flourishes to some of the letters, and with a certain grace all of its own. Just like Nan that too—clear, decisive, and yet with fascinating quaint little turns of speech that were altogether her own, stamped with her own individuality. If only things had gone right, how different life would have been!

He was just going to take the letter out of the envelope, when he caught the sound of a motor driving up.

"Damn! One of those moonlight picnics, I suppose." He put the letter back into his pocket and got up. Then it occurred to him that to go towards the gate would be inevitably to meet the party, whoever they were. He did not wish to meet anyone tonight, least of all a picnic party of chatty, gossipy, banal people.

Much better wait where he was until they had gone up into the building itself and then he could slip away quietly. There was not much likelihood of their coming straight down to the garden at the back where he was sitting, and even if they did they might not see him in this dark corner. So he put out his pipe and sat down again at the end of the bench which was in the full shadow, and waited for the party to go up to the tomb itself.

He heard voices and laughter of people coming closer, and then heard them going up the steps to the minaret in the far corner. Probably they were going to climb it for the view.

The voices died away shortly and he got up to go so as to escape before they came down into the garden. He walked round below the high plinth on which the building stands, keeping in the shadow until he reached the corner where the straight terrace leading to the gate starts. As he turned into the brilliant white Indian moonlight, he saw a girl sitting on one of the little carved stone seats on the terrace not three yards from him.

She was looking out over the fountain basins, slightly bent forward, her hands clasped over her knees, her head a little raised. The moonlight shimmered on her gray silk dress and on the filmy veil which had slipped down, leaving her head and neck and one gleaming shoulder bare.

The face was fully revealed in the moonlight—a dainty, sensitive, high-bred face, with a little firm round

chin and broad, rather low, forehead, and in the thick black hair which clustered back in waves over the delicate ears gleamed a single brilliant ornament like a star among a mass of dark storm clouds.

The eyes, heavy-lidded, were narrowed as though she was looking at something far off, and the slightly puckered forehead seemed to add to the impression,—almost as if she were trying to recall something distant, some fleeting memory, or seeking for something in a faraway landscape. In this unguarded moment the dominant note of the face seemed one of sadness.

Ward stopped dead, rigid, but his footsteps had evidently disturbed the girl, for she turned, saw him, and stared at him wide-eyed, and then with a little glad cry as if she had found what she sought—

"Eldred!"

The man couldn't answer for a moment. He stood looking at her with hungry longing eyes, and then said slowly—

"Yes . . . Nan."

He stopped again. How very, *very* good she was to look at. . . . Then again, since he felt he must say something, do something to keep his mind off impossibilities, for he felt all the old passion surging up in his veins, although he spoke coolly, steadily, in a tremendous endeavor to keep his self-control—

"Fancy our running into one another like this. I didn't even know you were in India, much less in Aurangabad. You're stopping with Mrs. Jones, I suppose; I heard she had visitors. I'm just down here for a couple of days, going off again tomorrow morning."

Which was a good speedy lie, for he had made arrangements to stop for another week yet, all of which would have to be canceled now. How could he stop here and see her

every day, when he realized that none of the old feeling had gone, that it was there stronger than ever for all his many attempts at repression.

Dear Lord, how it hurt to look at her, knowing that she would never be his now—his own Nan whom he had loved so long, the one woman of his dreams and of his waking moments.

"Going away tomorrow? Oh, Eldred, we've only just met again, and you've not even said you're glad to see me. Surely you needn't run away at once, you can stop a day or two."

The voice held a mingling of pride and pleading. "You . . . you always used to write about the ripping times we'd have when next we met . . . and now . . ."

"Nan, the simple truth is, it hurts a little too much still. I know I'm a fool, but just now I don't think that I could stand meeting you every day. I'm only a very ordinary man, and the strain would be too great. You see, I only got the news accidentally, because your letter miscarried, and it was all so sudden that I couldn't quite realize it . . . haven't done so thoroughly yet."

The girl looked at him with wondering eyes. "What news, Eldred, and which letter? Do you mean my last one that you never answered? That hurt me more than I thought anything ever could, heaps more than your silly one about my not knowing my own mind."

There was a little note of injured pride creeping into her voice now.

"Why, this one," and he pulled it out. "You see, the Huns got it before I did, and I only received it today and I haven't even read it yet . . ."

Nan stood up, her right hand gripping the back of the bench. The wondering look was still in her eyes, but there was something else as well now, a faint gleam of hope.

"... and then the news of your marriage..."

"My marriage!—but, dear man, I'm not married."

Ward stood still, seeming half stunned.

"Not married!—but I heard that—you had married a fellow called Allason."

The look of wonderment on Nan's face gave way to one of dawning understanding.

"Captain Allason married my cousin, Helen Raynor, whom you've not met. So you heard *that*, and thought it was me—" She stopped, breathing a little quickly. "And then I waited—and waited—for an answer to my letter—and you never answered, and life was so lonely at home that I came out here to stop with Helen. I thought—that—I'd written a silly letter—and—you didn't care any more."

"Nan,"—Ward took a pace forward. "Nan, what is in this letter?"

She let go of the bench, and every trace of pride vanished, as swaying
Blackwood's Magazine.

a little she said bravely and simply—
"Just—just—that I wanted you, Eldred—dearest."

Before she had finished, the man's arms were round her as he gazed down into her face, scanning her half-closed frightened eyes which looked up to his, and her warm, parted, tremulous lips. Then with the soft sweetness of the Indian night running like a strange fiery wine in their veins, their lips met.

"Nan, Nan," called a woman's voice from the minaret above. "You must come up and see the view. It looks like a dream city in the moonlight. Harry will help you up if your ankle is too bad."

"Oh, dear," said Nan, releasing herself, "you've made my hair all untidy."

"All right, Helen, I'm coming up, but Harry needn't come down. I've got someone to help me up."

Then as she stood up, arranging her hair, she said softly: "It is a city of dreams, isn't it, Heart's Delight—our city, the city where dreams come true."

Ganpat.

JOHN LEECH.

If the measure of an artist is the accuracy with which the life of his times is reflected in his work, and the width of his range, then John Leech, the centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated (August 29, 1817), is the greatest artist that this country has produced. But since such a claim as that would submerge us in controversial waters let it rather be said that Leech is the most representative artist that England has produced. The circumstances that he worked in black and white and was chiefly concerned with the humorous aspect of men and manners do not affect the position.

The outlines of Leech's life are very

simple. He was born in London on August 29, 1817, the son of John Leech, proprietor of the once very prosperous London Coffee House on Ludgate-hill, who was himself said to be something of a draughtsman and a Shakespeare enthusiast. The child took early to the pencil; and it is recorded that Flaxman, a friend of the family, found him at a tender age, on his mother's knee, drawing well enough to be encouraged. The great sculptor's advice was that the boy, whom he thought to be clearly destined for an artist, should be permitted to follow his own bent. Three years later Flaxman seems to have repeated this counsel. At seven, Leech was sent to

school at Charterhouse. then in its old London quarters; and the story is told that Mrs. Leech, who probably thought seven far too young, took a room which overlooked the playground in order secretly to watch her little son, thus displaying a sympathetic solicitude which that son inherited and carried through life. At Charterhouse Leech remained until he was sixteen, among his schoolfellows being Thackeray; but as Thackeray was six years his senior it is unlikely that they saw much of each other as boys, although they were always glad in after life, when they became very intimate colleagues on *Punch*, to recall their schooldays and extol their school.

On leaving, Leech went to Bart's to learn to be a surgeon, and there by curious and fortunate chance fell in with a congenial fellow student named Percival Leigh, whose interest in comic journalism was to play a very important part in Leech's career. Leigh had two friends who shared his literary tastes and ambitions—Albert Smith, a medical student at the Middlesex Hospital, and Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, a young barrister, these forming a humorous band of brothers to which Leech made a very welcome addition. Leigh was seriously concerned also with medicine, but there is no evidence that Leech burned any midnight oil in its pursuit, although he made some excellent anatomical drawings. The popularity of the London Coffee House on Ludgate-hill meanwhile declining, a less expensive instructor than St. Bartholomew became necessary; and Leech was placed with the ingenious Mr. Whittle of Hoxton, who, under the guise of a healer, devoted most of his attention to pigeons and boxing. Mr. Whittle of Hoxton (who is to be found in Albert Smith's novel, "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," which Leech illustrated, as Rawkins) may

not appreciably have extended his pupils knowledge of therapeutics, but he is our benefactor in quickening his interest in sport. Leech's next mentor was Dr. John Cockle, son of the Cockle of the pills; and then, the paternal purse being really empty, he, at the age of eighteen, flung physic to the dogs and trusted for a living to his pencil, which, since because Charterhouse had the most indifferent of drawing masters, was still untrained.

In those days there were many ephemeral satirical sheets, in addition to the magazines, of which *Bentley's Miscellany* was one of the chief, to offer employment to the comic draughtsman, and Leech did not starve; his two experiences at this period of the inside of a sponging house being due to his good nature rather than to financial foolishness of his own. His first publication was a slender collection of street types entitled "Etchings and Sketchings," by A Pen, 1835. He tried also political caricatures and drew bruisers for *Bell's Life in London*. In 1836 he was among those draughtsmen (Thackeray was another) who competed without success for Seymour's post as illustrator of a series of humorous papers describing the proceedings of the Pickwick Club. In 1837 he illustrated Theodore Hook's "Jack Brag." In 1840 appeared his parody of the Mulready envelope, which was very popular and a real foundation stone for the young artist, and Percival Leigh's "Comic Latin Grammar" and "Comic English Grammar," the illustrations to which fortified the impression which the Mulready skit had made and established the fact that a new pictorial humorist of resource and vigor had made his appearance.

In 1841 *Punch* was founded, with Mark Lemon as its editor and Leigh on its staff; and for Leech to join up was merely a matter of time. His

first efforts were tentative, and, indeed, his earliest drawing, a sketch of Soho aliens called "Foreign Affairs," arrived so late that it delayed the number and led to financial loss; but by 1844, when Thackeray was also a power on the staff, he had become the paper's strong man, and its strong man he remained until his death twenty years after. *Punch* had a great *personnel*, courage, and sound ideas, but without Leech's sunny humanity week after week it is unlikely to have won its way to such complete popularity and trust. It was he, more than any other contributor, who led it to the heart of the nation.

Leech's cartoons were for the most part suggested to him, the outcome of discussion at the round table, (which is not round); but to a very large extent—a larger extent probably than with any of his colleagues or successors: Keene, Du Maurier, or Phil May—the social drawings, by which he is now best known and by which he will live, were the fruits of his own observation, visual and aural. That is to say, he provided words as well as drawings. He also followed the line of least resistance. It was enough for him to think an incident funny, to set it down, and by the time it had passed through that filter—a blend of humane understanding and humane fun—which he kept in his brain it was assured of a welcome by *Punch's* readers too. Today the paper is a little more exacting, a little more complex: a consequence possibly, in some measure, of the fertility and universality of its earlier giant, who anticipated so many later jokes. Today, as it happens, there is more of the Leech spirit in the *American Life*, where absurdity for its own sake is to a greater extent cultivated. But for twenty years that spirit permeated and dominated *Punch*. Leech had a great chance and he rose to it. Never

LIVING AGE, VOL. VIII, No. 376.

before had things been made so easy for a satirical artist with alert eyes. Hogarth had had to plan and struggle to get his engravings before the public; Gillray and Rowlandson had only the print-sellers as a medium; but Leech had an editor who appreciated him and gave him his head, and employers who paid handsomely, while his work appeared in a paper which increased its circulation with every number. That is to say, he knew that he had an audience: no small incentive. Opportunity without the man is nothing; but here were both. Leech took it; and the result is the completest survey of the life of his times that any artist has ever made or is likely to make: as Thackeray said of the "Pictures of Life and Character," a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century," adding "lucky they (its future students) to have a book so pleasant!"

Today this inexhaustible work in three immense volumes is out of print, but there never was a book that better deserved continuous accessibility. The Oxford University Press, which has become the foster-father of the best works of reference, should take it over; it would be national service of the best kind, and national service is in need of illustrious examples. The three volumes are Leech's monument, and he has no other. One learns from it, while laughing the honestest of laughter, how sympathetic were the hands that held this mirror to his fellow-creatures' foibles; one learns, too, how inveterate a plagiarist from herself is Dame Fashion. The number of drawings which need only the slightest modernizing change to be telling today is extraordinary. Leech missed nothing; and the world is always boxing the compass.

The criticism has too often been made that Leech could not draw. Placed beside Keene or Phil May he is,

it is true, wanting in inevitableness; his line is merely efficient, never splendid; yet sometimes he could draw amazingly and get the very breath of life into a figure. In particular was he a master of gesture, and now and then his landscapes are a revelation. But the resplendent fact is that he could draw well enough; he did, as Thackeray said, what he wished to do: that is proved by his triumph. A man who cannot draw does not get all his fellow-countrymen following his pencil in a rapture (as though it were the Pied Piper's whistle) as Leech did for twenty years. Du Maurier, who admired him immensely, hit on a happy comparison when he said that Leech was "a ballad-writer among draughtsmen," or, in other words, he had the simplicity, the lucidity, the movement and the story. It has to be remembered, too, that Leech did single-handed whatever since his day it has needed a syndicate to accomplish. He, himself and alone, was cartoonist, social draughtsman, low-life draughtsman and the provider of hunting scenes. If the Volunteers were to be chaffed, Leech's was the hand; if the priceless Mr. Briggs was to be invented and kept busy, Leech was his *impresario*. And it was he also who drew the prettiest girls in what Thackeray called Mr. Punch's harem.

All his life, after finding himself, Leech worked too hard, being in some mysterious way always in debt or about to be. *Punch* alone paid him over £40,000 in a little more than twenty years, and he received much besides; but necessity dogged him to the end, and he seems somewhat to have lacked method. At any rate, he was uniformly behind time; and Mark Lemon used humorously to bemoan a life half misspent in cabs between the *Punch* office and Leech's various residences collecting his be-

lated work. Leech, however, when once he had made up his mind, drew very rapidly—always, of course, in those days before photography had come in, on the wood. An idea of his industry and vitality may be gathered from the books which he illustrated, each and all with the utmost care. Here are some of them: "The Ingoldsby Legends," "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers" (with etchings much in the manner of Cruikshank, who, as a matter of fact, gave him a few lessons in copperplate), Hood's "Comic Animals," Dickens's "Christmas Stories," 1843-48, Jerrold's "Story of a Feather," "The Comic History of England," "The Comic History of Rome," "Bon Gaultier," and (which some people would call his masterpiece), the sporting novels of Surtees, 1853-65.

In private life—but all his life was private—Leech was not less simple than that other great Carthusian, Colonel Newcome. He loved his family, rode his horse Red Mullet whenever there was a free moment, and as often as possible got a day's hunting with the Puckeridge hounds, not only for enjoyment, but in order that that very important section of his work, his hunting scenes, might not languish.

He was fond of dinner parties, both as host and guest, and after them preferred conversation to cards. He sang lugubrious songs in a deep, melancholy voice, with his eyes fixed upwards—the favorite being Barry Cornwall's "King Death," the words of which, Dickens averred, were inscribed on the ceiling in mystic characters discernible only by the singer. He told stories well, but the record of good things said by him is meagre, and his letters are singularly free from humorous passages. Once, however, when a liberty had been taken with him by a public man, he threatened "to draw and defend himself":

and there is a pleasant story of his retort to some rowdy inebriated men in Kensington who excused themselves by saying that they were Foresters: "Then, why the devil don't you go to the forest and make a din there?" Noise was, indeed, his bane. He had double windows in his house, but was always in danger of headaches and shattered nerves from street sounds and, in particular, barrel organs. It is even said that street music led to his early death; but probably that was so only indirectly. He died of overwork. Others of his antipathies were Jews, Irishmen, and Frenchmen; but these were more properly imperfect sympathies, cultivated humorously for business purposes. He was a foe, also, and partly no doubt for a similar reason, to excessive hair on the face; and once went so far as to cross hunting crops with two other artists, Tenniel and Pritchett, and join in an oath never to allow hair to grow either on lip or chin. Two of the three, however, defected. Pritchett returned from a sketching tour in Scotland all unshaven, while Tenniel's long mustache became famous, and in his old age he wore a beard as well. Leech to the end had only a fringe of whiskers of modest dimensions.

Although Leech nursed or affected to nurse certain intolerances, it is pretty certain that there were no reprisals. Unlike other satirists, he cannot have had an enemy, so kindly were his shafts. For a brief period Mulready nursed a grievance; but it was founded not upon the burlesque of his "envelope," but upon an imagined criticism in the signature—the usual leech wriggling in the bottle. This the painter, who was not a reader of *Punch* and who seems to have been dangerously ready to fit on caps, conceived to be a subtle suggestion that his commercial methods were those of a blood sucker. But

all was eventually put right at a dinner at Egg's. Leech's friends were devoted to him, as he to them. Thackeray came first, and indeed once he said that he loved him more than any man, although on another occasion it was FitzGerald and Brookfield whom he named as chief. Dickens and Leech were close friends as well as collaborators; and on one occasion when they were staying together by the sea Dickens had to act both as Leech's doctor and nurse, and performed the tasks with great success. It is to another friend, Dean Hole, with whom Leech took the "Little Tour in Ireland" in 1858, that we must go for the best description of Leech's appearance—"A slim, elegant figure, over six feet in height, with a grand head, 'on which nature had written Gentleman,' with wonderful genius in his ample forehead; wonderful penetration, observation, humor in his blue-gray Irish eyes, and wonderful sweetness and sympathy and mirth about his lips, which seemed to speak in silence." Millais, who coached Leech in oil painting for his exhibition of enlarged scenes from the career of Mr. Briggs, also was his close friend; and another remarkable man, whom Millais painted, and whose name seems a little strange here, Trelawny, who wrote "The Adventures of a Younger Son," claimed to have loved Leech next only to Shelley. "Very few of us painters," said Millais before a committee to inquire into the workings of the Royal Academy, "will leave behind us such good and valuable work as Leech has left—work which is in great part historical," the point being that, in the opinion of Millais, the Royal Academy's doors should be thrown open also to artists in black and white. Another painter friend was W. P. Frith, who became Leech's biographer; but the Life is rather a collection of notes for a book than a

finished work. No one has written of Leech better than Dr. John Brown in "Horæ Subsecivæ," third series. All his friends testify to the sweetness of his nature and the purity of his character, while each of his two great novelist friends, writing of his work—Dickens of his "Rising Generation" and Thackeray of the "Pictures of Life and Character"—used independently the phrase that he came to his task like "a gentleman." In those days, gentlemen, at any rate, in public places, were less uncommon than now; but even then Leech was conspicuous.

It is perhaps with Dickens and Thackeray that Leech will be most closely associated by posterity. He stands between them as a fellow Victorian colossus. All three were doing, in different ways, the same work; that is to say, they were selecting and fixing, for all time, their time; and all three were distinguished for that remarkable abundance which makes the middle years of the last century so astonishing to us. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Trollope, Leech, in England; Dumas, Balzac, Hugo, Doré, in France. What rivulets today compared with those floods!

Leech died prematurely (in his father's arms, while a children's party
The Times.

was in progress in his house) on October 29, 1864, at the age of forty-seven, less than a year after Thackeray. "How happy," said Lady Ritchie (then Miss Thackeray), "my father will be to meet him!" The funeral was on November 4 at Kensal-green, and great crowds of people assembled. The artist lies not far from Tom Hood, with whom he had close affinities of temperament, and next but one to Thackeray. His death was lamented not only in the English but in the foreign Press. The *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin had a picture of Mr. Punch and Toby disconsolate at the grave, and a valedictory eulogy entitled "A Cypress Branch for the Tomb of John Leech"—"Farewell, merry John, thou boy of endless good humor." *Punch's* own tribute contained such phrases as "to know him well was to love him dearly . . . not another more refined or more generous nature. . . . Society whose every phrase he has illustrated with a truth or grace and a tenderness heretofore unknown in satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame." That was written in 1864. No words today, fifty-three years after, can improve on it; nor has in the interim any greater social delineator or humaner genius arisen.

THE CASE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

A country which is fighting for freedom abroad should be very careful to maintain freedom at home. The test of freedom is the treatment of those who differ from us. We can all be free easily enough as long as we are all of one mind. But how does a nation treat those who refuse to conform to its requirements? That is the test. There are two forms of such refusal. One is the refusal of the criminal who disobeys the law for his

own advantage. The philosophical Anarchists would not even coerce the criminal, but no society has yet existed which has seen a way of reconciling liberty in this relation with the needs of order. The other kind of refusal is the nonconformity of conscience, and the measure of freedom in society is to be found in the methods of dealing with those who disobey on this ground. The two things, of course, may be confused with one another.

Men may plead conscience insincerely, and what is called conscience may be only a name for some form of egoism, priggishness, cantankerousness. But where conscientious refusal is known to be sincere, how does society deal with it? That is the true test of freedom.

It cannot be said universally that society is bound to let the conscientious objector go his own way. The nation is not bound to allow plans which it deems essential to its well-being to be wrecked by the refusal of a few objectors, however admirable their motive may be. None the less, a nation impregnated with the spirit of freedom will do its utmost to find a way of accommodation. It will take pains to discriminate the genuine from the false objector. It will seek methods of conciliation, and in the last resort it will apply coercion, if it sees no way out of it, with the utmost leniency compatible with the circumstances of the case.

How does this country come out of the test in regard to the conscientious objectors to military service? Their case was a strong one for two reasons. In the first place, the adoption of military service in this country was a sudden breach with a long-standing, cherished tradition. Successive generations had grown up under a system of voluntary service. People had come to England from Continental lands to escape military service. Those who opposed conscription were therefore conservatives, holding to the old-established customs of the country, and could hardly be expected to change their views in a moment along with the majority. That brings us to the second reason for a liberal and compassionate view. There were religious bodies—one great congregation universally respected and of ancient date, others smaller but not less sincere—well known for their resolute op-

position to war as war. Less known but equally real was the opposition based on secular grounds. The existence of such bodies was proof that there would be a certain number of individuals who could not accept military service without doing violence to a perfectly incere conviction.

Was there not any possibility of meeting this conviction without wrecking the whole scheme of compulsion? The late Government and Parliament thought that there was, and the two Military Service Acts accordingly contained conscience clauses. Unfortunately these clauses were ill-drawn, and no adequate provision was made for the administration of an exceedingly delicate and difficult point. In place of laying down tests of sincerity, such as the evidence of a certain number of independent and respectable witnesses, everything was left to the arbitrary decision of the tribunals. Provision was made, not without success, for those whose conscientious objection applies to the actual work of slaughter but who do not object to indirect participation in war. In general, though there have been some almost unintelligible exceptions, this particular form of conscientious objection has been met. But the out-and-out objector, to whom the whole business of war stands on one footing and who demands only one form of exemption—namely, absolute exemption,—has fared less well. According to the figures collected by Mrs. Hobhouse,* absolute exemption has been granted to some 400 men and refused to others whose number is not exactly known but is between 800 and 1,000. In refusing this exemption the tribunals have, as has been proved by the events, sinned against the Act which they were administering, because these

**I Appeal Unto Caesar*. By Mrs. Henry Hobhouse. With Introduction by Professor Gilbert Murray. London: George Allen and Unwin. Pp. 83-84. 1s. net.

men have given every possible proof of their sincerity. Some have heard sentence of death pronounced upon them unshaken; some have been, as is now admitted, subjected to illegal forms of torture; all are in prison and many have been subjected to repeated terms of imprisonment.

Mrs. Hobhouse's little pamphlet consists of a brief statement of the nature of the law, its administration and general application to this little band of peace advocates, to which is added a brief account of the character and suffering of a number of individuals. Most of these individuals were men devoted to public work, many are Quakers, whose attitude to war was no new thing but perfectly well known. Take the case of Mr. Maurice Rowntree. He is a Quaker, a son of a man universally loved and respected in the North of England. He was at work at a settlement in Leeds, one of the band engaged in the attempt to solve the acuter problems of poverty. But the local tribunal refused to consider his work of national importance, and the Appeal Tribunal dismissed his case in spite of protest from two of its members, who testified to the value of his work. He served 112 days of hard labor in Wormwood Scrubs, and is now serving a second sentence of two years' hard labor. His statement at the police court does not show any kind of self-will or spiritual pride:

He thought that he was called upon, with what effort and strength he had, to work with a view to a different order of life, and a different way of settling disputes altogether. In doing that he felt it became of international importance, affecting every nation, and first of all his own. It seemed to him tremendously tragic that the great heroism, which he honored with all his heart, was devoted to work for destruction. He felt it was the

logical outcome of a system of life which had been prevalent in every nation. He held in detestation the infamous actions of Germany. He wished them to be quite clear about that. But he thought that really war would never bring peace, except the peace of death.

What is the treatment to which Mr. Rowntree and others like him are subjected? Two years' hard labor is one of the severest sentences known to the law. For the first twenty-eight days the prisoner is kept in solitude, seeing no one but the warder and (occasionally) the chaplain. For the first fourteen days he has to sleep without a mattress, unless the medical officer orders otherwise. After this he has some association with others, but, according to Mrs. Hobhouse, the whole time, including exercise and chapel as well as work in association, often does not exceed two hours daily. Conversation with other prisoners is forbidden, except that long-sentence prisoners may earn the privilege of talking for a limited time on certain days. A prisoner may not write or receive any letters, or receive a visit, for two months. After this letters or visits may occur monthly. The visits take place in the presence of a warder, the visitors being separated by a thick grille. The prisoner is not allowed pencil or paper. If his relatives are seriously ill he cannot see them; even if his wife is dying he is not allowed to visit her. Some prisoners are refusing work in prison on conscientious grounds, and then may be ordered close confinement, which involves deprivation of the mattress; in fact, usually the stripping of all articles, including the printed regulations and the prisoner's stool. Mr. Clifford Allen writes:

One hundred and ninety days of stitching, each of twenty-three hours' and fifty minutes' silence. I think

the greatest torture of enforced and perpetual silence is the never ceasing consciousness of thinking in which it results. You cannot stop thinking for an instant. . . . I think of the very knots in the boards each time I scrub them, until I could scratch them out of the floor to rid myself of their arrogant insistence upon themselves.

Looking out of the window is a punishable offense. In some cases there are details of squalor and filth to be added to these sufferings. One prisoner declares that he never had rice without finding some disagreeable evidence of its having had mice in it. In some cases there has been severe suffering from cold. It is not surprising that there have been instances of mental breakdown. Of her own son Mrs. Hobhouse writes:

As a mother of sons in France who are daily risking their lives, subjected to the horrors and discomforts of the trenches, I feel less distress at their fate, fighting as they are their country's battles, with the approval of their fellows, than I do for that other son undergoing for his faith a disgraceful sentence in a felon's cell, truly "rejected and despised" of men. She adds: "It is just because our cause is a good one, because our sons are fighting against an evil domination, that we as a nation should be free from tyranny and oppression."

There is no logic in all this persecution. There is no social gain from it. All put together it does not help us to win a single trench from the Germans or to save one English soldier a day of suffering. On the contrary, it weakens

The Manchester Guardian.

the confidence and will of the country. Professor Murray, one of the stoutest and most valued literary supporters of the war, writes in his eloquent introduction:

The worst point of the whole miserable business is not the addition of a little more unnecessary suffering and a little more meaningless injustice to the oceans of suffering and injustice already caused by the war. It is that the great majority of ordinary decent people who have come into personal contact with the treatment of objectors by the tribunals and the War Office find themselves angered and embittered against the Government of their country at a time when it needs all their support. However wrong-headed, conceited, self-righteous, and unpatriotic, and all the rest of it the objectors may originally have seemed to us, the long and fruitless and illegal persecution of these men leaves on the coldest observer an impression of some moral heroism on the side of the culprits and some moral and intellectual vileness on the side of their oppressors.

This is a moderate and considered statement which anticipates the inevitable condemnation of posterity. Whatever the issue of the war, this persecution, violating the spirit of Parliament itself, of an arbitrarily selected number of upright men will remain an indelible blot of infamy on the tribunals which condemn them, the War Office which has persecuted them, the Government that sanctions the persecution, and the nation which allows the Government to wreak its foolish will upon them.

H.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ANSWER.

Our first feeling on reading President Wilson's fine and eloquent answer to the Vatican Peace proposals was

that this was what the Pope should have written. It is easy to understand, and up to a point to appreciate, the

motives which caused the Pope to balance his arguments in an attempt to make them attractive to both sides. He felt himself to be in the position of an arbitrator who is trying to coax the parties into court by hinting to both sides that they have a good chance of a favorable judgment. But that is not Mr. Wilson's way, and we could wish it had not been the Pope's. Mr. Wilson's manifesto to the world, for such it is, is inspired by a splendid scorn of the brutality, the guile, and the domineering spirit of those who would make themselves the super-lords of the world. He cannot stoop to impartiality towards crime. He flagellates meanness, trickery, bad faith, and inhumanity, and he does it all the more powerfully because he never strains his language, but clothes facts in phrases of a simple austerity, though of extreme appropriateness. He has something of the righteous, yet salutary and reformatory, anger of some of the Hebrew prophets—not those who pronounced nothing but woe, but those who saw salvation shining at the end of long vistas of suffering. But this is only another way of saying that Mr. Wilson's Note is in the direct succession of the pronouncements of American policy made by Lincoln.

We are delighted to have Mr. Wilson's invaluable support for the argument that what the Germans are playing for is an armistice during which they could recover their strength and make ready to spring again. For this—an armistice—is the exact prospect in Mr. Wilson's mind, though he does not in precise language attribute what may be called "the policy of the armistice" to the German Government. M. Chéradame, the well-known French writer who has devoted his life to studying Germany, warned us early in the war that if Germany found herself in a fix she

would try to coax the Allies into an armistice by fair and flattering language, and would then declare negotiations off as soon as the occasion served her. That the Central Powers would be able to make much better use of an armistice than the Allies is obvious. However detestable a complete central control may be for ordinary purposes of life and government, it has a very distinct value for the direction of a war. Our own Alliance, composed of much more various elements, would not be able to concentrate its purpose again so quickly, particularly after negotiations which had been designed to divide our thoughts as to our essential aims in the war.

Mr. Wilson foresees that if negotiations with Germany on the Vatican conditions ended in a recuperation of German strength and a renewal of German policy, it would be necessary to create a permanent hostile combination of the nations against the German people. We take this to mean that Mr. Wilson is not in favor of creating any League of Nations till Germany can be included in it. We should prefer ourselves to state the matter rather differently. It seems to us that the Allies at present form a League of Nations whose one object is the peace of the world. All the schemes for a League of Nations postulate authority for the League to use force against a nation which tries to disturb the peace. The Allies are in practice exerting that authority now, and if ever the Central Powers showed a thorough change of heart and a desire for a quiet development of civilization—a desire equal to that which certainly inspires the Allies—nothing would be more agreeable than that Germany should be welcomed into the League. The path along which circumstances are compelling us to travel seems to offer a more promising journey than is

offered by those more highly abstract schemes that depend upon the enormous assumption that good faith necessarily exists in the Governments of all nations. Surely a test of good faith should be satisfied before the candidature of any nation for membership of a League is considered.

All through his Note Mr. Wilson is careful to distinguish between the German Government and the German people. It is true that he accuses the German people of having entered with zest upon the criminal adventures dictated to them by their Government, but his belief that there is still a very appreciable difference between the guilt of the people and the guilt of the Government is evident. It is this belief that gives to his Note its peculiar character of being at once a manifesto to the world and a special appeal to the German people to repudiate their rulers. "We cannot, he says, "take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting." In other words, Mr. Wilson suggests that there should be no peace with the Kaiser unless the people of Germany, by some recognized means of popular expression, guarantee that the word of the Kaiser is genuine. That brings us rather nearer to the point where the Kaiser might be eliminated altogether by the Allies. We have always felt that perhaps the simplest and safest plan would be to inform the German people that we would not make peace under any conditions with their present rulers, just as Bismarck, when outside Paris, refused to treat with Gambetta, but insisted on the French people creating a special Assembly for the purpose of negotiating peace.

The Spectator.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Wilson seems to stand apart from the Allies in what we take to be an implicit disapproval of the Paris resolutions. "Responsible statesmen," he says, "must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple or embarrass others." Again, on the same lines he says: "Punitive damages, the dismemberment of Empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive Economic Leagues, we deem inexpedient and in the end worse than futile." We imagine that where the rights of distinct groups of people or races, such as the South Slavs, are concerned, Mr. Wilson would consider that those rights have precedence over the right of the Austrian Empire not to be dismembered. But in a formal document like this American answer to the Pope it is not, of course, possible to insert innumerable safeguarding clauses and parenthetical reservations. It is rather a general statement of American resolution to fight on, however long the war may last, till democracy has established itself as the principle for all civilized nations, and the foreign and disturbing element of autocracy has been removed as not only a nuisance but a terrible danger. In the true manner of Lincoln, Mr. Wilson balances his hatred of war against the German people and his trust in democracy as being the only safeguard of the world, and he sums up fearlessly and with a clear conscience in favor of what seems to him much the greater cause. Just so did Lincoln strike a balance when he said: "Was it possible to lose the Nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb."

SELF-DENIAL.

"And what," I said, "did you do during the Great War, Francesca?"

"In the first place I fine you a sum not exceeding one hundred pounds for asking me such a question. In the second place I retort upon you by telling you that one of the things you're going to do during the Great War is to give up marmalade."

"What! Give up the thing which lends to breakfast its one and only distinction? Never."

"That," she said, "sounds very brave; but what are you going to do if there isn't any marmalade to be obtained for love or money?"

"Mine," I said, "has always been the sort you get for money. I have not hitherto met the amatory variety; but if it's really marmalade I'm prepared to have a go at it."

"And that," she said, "is very kind of you, but it's quite useless. For the moment there's no marmalade of any kind to be had."

"None of the dark-brown variety?"

No.

"Or the sort that looks like golden jelly?"

"Not a scrap."

"Or the old-fashioned but admirable kind? The excellent substitute for butter at breakfast?"

"That must go like the rest. It has been a substitute for the last time."

"Impossible," I said. "Everything is now a substitute for something else. Marmalade started being a substitute long ago, and it isn't fair to stop it and let the other things go on."

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do about it? If you can't get Seville oranges how are you going to get Seville orange marmalade?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Yes, that's it, more or less. And now let's have your remedy."

"You needn't think," I said, "that I'm going to take it lying down. I shall go up to London and defy Lord Rhondda to his face. I shall write pro-marmalade letters to various newspapers. I shall form a Marmalade League, with branches in all the constituencies so as to bring political pressure to bear. I shall head a deputation to the Prime Minister. I shall get Mr. King or Mr. Hogge or Mr. Pringle, or all three of them, to ask questions in the House of Commons. In short, I shall exhaust all the usual devices for giving the Government a thoroughly uncomfortable time."

"In short you will do your patriotic best to help your country through its difficulties and to put the interest of the nation above your own convenience."

"Francesca," I said, "you must not be too serious. I was but attempting a jest."

"This is no time for jests. I can't bear even to think of your joining the Brigade of Groucers who are always girding at the Government. I won't stand your being a girder. So make up your mind to that."

"Very well," I said, "I will endeavor not to be a girder; but you simply *must* get me a pot or two of marmalade."

"And allow the Kaiser to win the war? Not if I know it. Besides, I don't like marmalade."

"There you are," I said. "You don't like marmalade—few women do—and so you're going to make a virtue for yourself by forcing *me* to give it up. My dear, you've given the whole show away."

"Don't juggle with words," she said, speaking with a dreadful calm. "I may be able to get a pot or two—say at the outside a dozen pots. Well, if I manage it I will inform you—"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"If I manage it," she repeated, "you shall know of it, and you shall make your self-denial complete and efficacious."

"I don't like the way in which this sentence is turning out."

"You shall have a pot in front of you at breakfast, and you shan't touch a shred of it."

"Francesca," I said, "you're a tyrant. But no, you wouldn't be mean enough to do it—before the children too."

"Perhaps, as a concession, I would allow you a little marmalade in a pudding at luncheon."

"But I don't like marmalade in a Punch.

pudding at luncheon. I like it on toast at breakfast."

"But you're not going to have it on toast at breakfast."

"Well," I said, "I shall conduct reprisals. For every time you don't allow me to have any I shall destroy something you like—a blouse or a hat. If I'm to give up the essence of Dundee or Paisley you shall at least give up hats."

"But the marmalade will remain."

"Yes, and the hats will all perish. That's where I come in."

"Don't buoy yourself up with that notion," she said. "You'll have to pay for the new ones—or owe."

R. C. Lehmann.

A WORLD FAMINE.

What is beginning very seriously to trouble the statesmen of every country, neutrals no less than belligerents, and to add to their more pressing perplexities, is the practical certainty of there being, for some time after the war, the gravest world-shortage, not only in the principal foodstuffs, but also in the most indispensable raw materials. In spite of frantic efforts to maintain and to increase production, the aggregate wheat harvests of the world have been year by year falling behind the demands of the growing populations. Though supplies are held up temporarily in this country and that for lack of the means of conveyance, the aggregate world stock is rapidly shrinking. Though the number of cattle, sheep and pigs has been so far maintained in some countries, it is believed to have been greatly reduced throughout all Continental Europe. The markets of the world are being swept bare of all the subsidiary foodstuffs. All the efforts at economy, voluntary and enforced, do not suffice

to counterbalance the increased consumption and waste incident on transforming some thirty millions of peasants and laborers into soldiers, who must be maintained in fighting energy; and on engaging perhaps fifteen million other men and women at enhanced wages on the manufacture of munitions. For one or other reason, it is to be expected that Russia, Roumania and Hungary, and to a large extent even the United States, will, for the next year or two, drop out of the list of food-exporting countries. What is no less serious is that the shortage will extend to most of the raw materials needed for "reconstruction" and for the resumption of manufacturing production, on which the forty or fifty millions of workers throughout the world now in arms or engaged in "war trades"—numbering, with their dependents, possibly one in twelve of the entire population of the globe—will depend for subsistence when the Declaration of Peace gives the signal for demobilization. What has increased during the war has been

the production of steel. But the aggregate output of coal has largely diminished, together with that of most of the metallic ores. There will be the gravest shortage of oil and timber and hides and wool. This general world shortage of the principal commodities will be enormously aggravated by the shortage of shipping. The aggregate merchant shipping tonnage of the world may, at the end of the war, probably stand at not much more than two-thirds of the pre-war figure, whilst of that which survives a large proportion will be required for a year or two to carry the millions of soldiers home. To aggravate the difficulty, all the railways and roads of Europe will be in a terrible state of disrepair; and land transport will everywhere be slow, uncertain and extremely costly. It is not merely that the world is dependent for a sufficiency of food on the successive harvests in its different countries during the next twelve or eighteen months being relatively good. The statesmen's difficulties will, it is true, be intensified if there should be any widespread failure of crops, such as might be produced by drought in Australia or floods in China, the spread of the potato disease throughout Europe, or a bad monsoon in India. But the famine into which the world is hurrying will be even more of a money-famine than a food-famine.

Over large parts of Europe the resumption of manufacturing production will be for a long time impracticable—even the restoration of the destroyed factories and machinery will be difficult—owing to the lack of raw material and fuel. Whilst prices will be fabulously high, there will be no wages. Unless some very drastic and very far-reaching measures are taken in time, and taken on a sufficiently large scale, there will be many millions of families in parts of Europe

and Southeastern Asia without employment and without means to buy the scanty supplies of extremely dear food that will be locally accessible to them. There will be labor revolts and revolutionary upheavals. Whole districts will be starving. It is not too much to say that there will be places within a day's journey of European capitals where society, from an extremity of want not paralleled in Europe since the Thirty Years' War, may be near dissolution.

It is this prospective result of diverting forty or fifty millions of European workers, during three or four years, from production to destruction that has caused all the schemes for "Trade after the War" to shrivel up, and taken the life out of both the Paris Economic Conference resolutions and the "pre-emption" projects of the Central Powers. What the statesmen are beginning to realize is that the world after the war, so far as the exportable surpluses of foodstuffs and raw materials are concerned, will be in the position of a beleagured city. There will not be enough to go round. It will be plainly impossible to revert, for some time to come, to the unfettered scramble of private enterprise that we call Free Trade. No government, belligerent or neutral, will feel able, the morning after Peace has been declared, to dispense with the extensive controls that it has had to exercise over importing, exporting, manufacturing and distributing. No nation will be inclined, whatever may be the prices offered by others in more desperate need, to allow the export of any commodity of which it may presently run short. On the other hand, every nation will be eager to increase its own exports, and therefore obtain for this purpose materials and coal, in order both to employ its demobilized millions and to pay for the imports of

which it will stand in such sore need.

What policy of International Trade does this impending world-shortage indicate? Half a century ago the orthodox economists would have blindly relied on the "Law of Supply and Demand"; they would have said that where there was most scarcity prices would rise highest, and supplies would flow automatically whither they were most required. Within each country the available commodities would similarly go to those who were willing to pay the highest prices for them, and must therefore be presumed to have the greatest need of them! Upon this argument food continued to be exported from Ireland throughout the Great Famine because the starving Irish could not compete in "effective demand" with the London diners-out. The economists now know better; and they are advising their governments that if in the impending world-shortage, distribution, either between nations or within each nation, is left to the "free play of economic forces," it will mean famine on a large scale. The richer nations, the richer classes within each nation, the richest family within each class, may thus be fully supplied, at no greater inconvenience than increased payment. But the poorer nations, classes and families will be starved. What might be, as in a beleaguered city, no worse than a general abstinence, if systematic distribution is arranged, will be converted, if "let alone," into a famine so extensive as possibly to bring down society in ruin.

It is significant of the change which has come over both economics and politics that it is to the Labor and Socialist Parties that the world is indebted for calling attention to this impending peril; and that it is under their pressure that the heavily burdened governments are beginning to give the subject consideration. It

remains to be seen whether the statesmanship of the present governing classes of Europe can rise to the height of the task that they have brought upon themselves. The shortage will probably be sufficiently great to demand that, as in a beleaguered city, the whole world should be placed on rations. This, so far as some of the principal food-producing countries are concerned (such, for instance, as the South American Republics, India and China), we have no machinery to secure. But what could be established, and what in spite of the strenuous opposition of the merchants and shipowners certainly ought to be established—for the peril is imminent and unmistakable—is an international control of the whole export trade in the commodities of which we shall be short, and of the whole marine transportation that will be required. What may, we hope, be expected is some extension and transformation of the *Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement* that the Allied Governments have found it necessary to set up in order to co-ordinate their own international dealings; the admission to this (possibly under the management of the Council of the League of Nations—or whatever may be the title of the Supernational Authority in which this war must issue), not only of all the countries lately belligerent, but also of the neutrals; the control by this Commission of all export trade between nations (reserving to each its own coastwise and colonial trade), and of all beyond each nation's indispensable quota of merchant shipping; and the deliberate allocation and conveyance to each country, out of the aggregate exportable surpluses, of whatever is required to supply the most urgent primary needs of all of them, before the less urgent demands of any one among them are satisfied, whatever may be

the pecuniary inducements that may be offered to the contrary. Europe, in short, will have to be fed, whoever pays for it, on the same principle that Belgium has been fed; though the grip at her throat will be no longer that of the Germans but that of a world-shortage. And within each nation, the same principle of "priority of need," irrespective of "effective demand," will have to be enforced. In this country, for instance, we shall apparently be short, for months and even years, not only of wheat and meat, but also of timber, bricks, building stone, builder's ironwork and all components of ships and houses (except steel). It is clear that we shall not be able to restore our railways and factories, our schools and roads, let alone

The New Statesman.

build the million new cottages that the demobilized Army will need to return to, if the all too scanty building materials and building trades workmen are competed for by millionaires wanting new palaces, speculative capitalists eager to put up new hotels and theatres, or financiers anxious to make money by investing their capital in new constructional works abroad. The principle of "priority of need," under which practically all supplies are now regulated during war, will plainly have to be continued during peace. The hard facts are compelling the statesmen to see, as the economists have had to recognize, that the world must more and more be administered according to the homely axiom of "No cake for anyone until all have bread."

BILLY'S YARN.

'Oo seen 'er off?

"Me," says the tide,

"I 'ad to, for why, there was no one beside;

For sailor folks' women, they're busy enough

'Thout 'angin' round pier 'eads to see their chaps off.

The gulls all about 'er they wrangled an' cried,

An' I seen 'er off," says the Liverpool tide.

'Oo waved 'er good-bye? . . .

"Me," says old Tuskar,

"When the sun it went down an' the light it got dusker,

(With a sea gettin' up an' a wind blowin' keen),

An' the smoke of 'er funnels could 'ardly be seen,

An' the last of the sunset was red in the sky . . .

With the first o' my flashes I waved 'er good-bye."

'Oo seen 'er sunk? . . .

"Me," says the sun,

"At the top o' my climbin' I seen the thing done;

I seen 'er 'eave to, an' I seen 'er 'ull quiver,

Settle an' stumble an' treble an' shiver,

An' her stern it went up an' 'er bow it went down,

An' most of 'er people, they just 'ad to drown,

An' I 'adn't a cloud for to shut out the sight,

So I seen 'er sink," says the sun in 'is might.

'Oo seen the last of 'er? . . .

"Us," says the crew,

All that was left out o' twenty-an'-two,

"We seen the last of 'er (floating around On a bottom-up boat among dead 'uns an' drowned),

We seen 'er waterways runnin' with blood,

We seen poor mates of ours shot where
they stood. . . .

But them chaps as done it, I tell you
now true

The London Chronicle.

They ain't seen the last of us yet," says
the crew,

"No you bet your sweet life," says
what's left of the crew!

C. Fox Smith.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Margaret Skinnider's "Doing My Bit for Ireland" (The Century Co.) is an account of the Sinn Fein rising in Dublin at Easter, 1916, written by one who was intimately associated with the leaders of the outbreak, and took part herself, clad in a man's uniform, in the fighting. It is a graphic narrative,—the first detailed and authoritative account which has been written, from the Irish point of view, of the motives and hopes which inspired the rising, of the preparations which were made for it, of the leaders who risked everything to make it successful, of the desperate street fighting, and of the fate of the chief conspirators. Among the dozen illustrations are two portraits of the author, one in normal dress and the other in boy's clothes.

It can hardly be necessary to bespeak a welcome for a second series of papers and sketches by "A Student in Arms" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The first series, with their intimate disclosure of the author's personality and of his relations with his comrades in the trenches and of the courage and devotion of the men who have fought and died for England in the great war, touched the hearts of readers on both sides of the sea as few books of the war have done. This second volume contains a dozen or more of the author's sketches and reflections, most of them, like those in the earlier book, reprinted from *The Spectator*. Readers who would like to know more of the life of the author—Donald Hankey—will be touched by the brief biography of him by his sister,

which serves as an Introduction. Most of the sketches in this volume were actually written in the trenches or near them, with the sounds of battle in his ears, in the months from May, 1916, when he came back to the front, after months in the hospital, where he had gone for the treatment of his wounds, down to October of that year, when, after kneeling in brief prayer with his men, he was killed while leading them "over the top." A striking portrait forms the frontispiece.

"The Mexican Problem," about which Clarence W. Barron, the well-known financial expert, writes informally in the volume bearing that title, has been thrust into the background by the exciting events of the great world war; but, although it is less acute than it was a year ago, it still exists and may at any time become menacing. Few Americans feel any pride in the way in which the United States has dealt with it—or rather has failed to deal with it. Mr. Barron's treatment of it is from the business and financial point of view, and is based, not only on a long financial experience, but on close personal observation on the ground. The Mexican problem, as he views it, is one of business, not of politics, and the solution which he urges is a business solution. He dismisses as fallacies the idea that the land question is at the bottom of the Mexican troubles, and the companion idea that the natural wealth of Mexico has furnished a base for contending

business interests from the United States to promote Mexican quarrels; and he attempts to show that the fighting in Mexico has not been with or concerning American or foreign interests, but between local factions and political parties. What Mexico chiefly needs, he insists, is financial assistance in its business development. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire" Richard Aumerle Maher has written one of the best stories ever based on the conflict between labor and capital. In the opening chapter, Daidie Grat-tan—eighteen, strong and lithe and sound as a sapling—makes a reckless marriage to free herself from the monotony of mill-life. Indignant at the cowardice of her husband who provides for his own safety without thought of her, in a fire on a Sound steamer, she separates from him at once, and spends three years in training as a nurse in a Sisters' hospital where all the influences confirm her purpose to dedicate her shadowed life to the service of other women. Going out under her girlhood's name—a mistake against which Mother Regina warns her—she finds work at six dollars a week in a paper mill in Northern New York, and there the real action of the story takes place. Hugh Barton, the young owner of the mill, has different ideals from those of his father who built it, and in his struggles to realize them is thwarted not only by the competition of other manufacturers but by the failure of his own men to trust and co-operate with him. The inevitable strike is vividly described, with the typhoid epidemic following it; but perhaps no chapters hold the interest more closely than those in which young Barton pits himself against the Paper Combine. Ardent and yet candid in its spirit, brilliantly written, with characters

strongly individualized, the story is unquestionably one of the most promising of the season. The Macmillan Co.

George Matthew Adams's "Take It" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a modest volume of barely a hundred pages, but it contains more than a hundred sensible, pungent and epigrammatic essays, all of the maimed at "the man in the street," and all of them charged with buoyancy and hopefulness. The prevailing lesson is that every man should take the world, his world, as he finds it, and make the most and best of it and of himself in it.

Charles K. Taylor, the author of "The Boys' Camp Manual" (The Century Co.) founder of Camp Pen, near Plattsburg, is well qualified to write a manual of this kind, for he has been for years identified with the physical training of boys and the management of boy camps. Gen. Leonard Wood, in a cordially appreciative Foreword, remarks that "the work which Mr. Taylor is doing and proposes to do 'will send to us that portion of the youth of the country who come under his control in far better condition to receive their final military training than would otherwise be possible.'" The present volume is calculated to be of great use to this end, for it covers every detail of the organization and establishment of camps, the necessary construction, physical training, formal military drill, signaling field and other exercises, and camp interests. The directions and suggestions which it contains, with the accompanying illustrations from photographs, will promote the physical and moral health of the boys into whose hands it falls, and will tend to make the boys of today vigorous, courageous and efficient young men of tomorrow.